CAVALCADE

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JULY, 1953

Massacre on the Murray

— Page 4

They wanted to change sex

— Page 24

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Cavalcade

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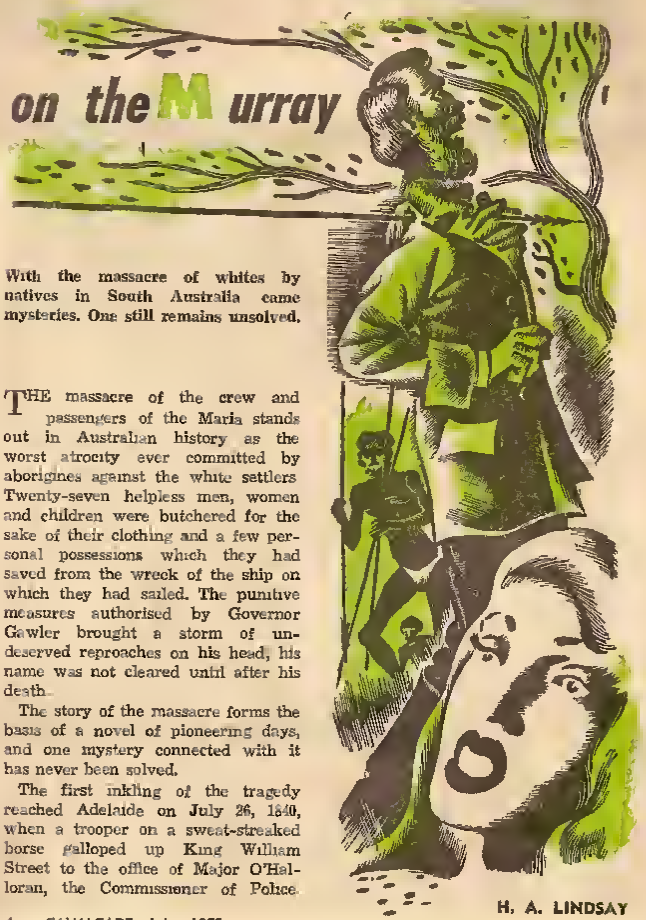
massacre on the Murray



With the massacre of whites by natives in South Australia came mysteries. One still remains unsolved.

H. A. LINDSAY

THE massacre of the crew and passengers of the Maria stands out in Australian history as the worst atrocity ever committed by aborigines against the white settlers. Twenty-seven helpless men, women and children were butchered for the sake of their clothing and a few personal possessions which they had saved from the wreck of the ship on which they had sailed. The punitive measures authorised by Governor Gawler brought a storm of undeserved reproaches on his head, his name was not cleared until after his death.

The story of the massacre forms the basis of a novel of pioneering days, and one mystery connected with it has never been solved.

The first inkling of the tragedy reached Adelaide on July 26, 1840, when a trooper on a sweat-streaked horse galloped up King William Street to the office of Major O'Halloran, the Commissioner of Police. His message from Sergeant McFarlane, of the Encounter Bay police station, was that local natives had reported a vessel wrecked on the coast south of the mouth of the Murray, and that all the passengers and crew had been murdered by the Milmenrura tribe of natives.

Governor Gawler was notified and he sent Captain Pullen, a competent naval officer who later rose to the rank of admiral, to investigate the report. Accompanied by five seamen and interpreters, Pullen went to Encounter Bay to carry out his task.

On August 11 Pullen returned to Adelaide and presented his report to the Executive Council. In a hollow among the sand dunes on the seaward side of the Coorong lagoons, his party had found the remains of ten Europeans, two men, two women, three boys, two girls and a female baby. All had been fearfully battered about the head and stripped of their clothing.

After burying the bodies in a common grave and collecting a few scraps of personal property, the party had rowed farther down the Coorong, to meet natives wearing portions of European clothing. All refused to answer the questions of the interpreters. Pullen had hurried back to Adelaide with his report.

When both the Advocate-General and Judge Cooper had expressed the opinion that the crime was beyond the reach of the ordinary British law, Governor Gawler instructed Major O'Halloran to muster every available police trooper and to proceed at once to the spot where the murders had been committed. There he was to round up, "If possible, without bloodshed," the guilty tribe.

Having identified the ringleaders, he was to "bring to summary justice, by executing them in front of the assembled tribe, not more than three of the actual murderers." He was also to make it clear to the Milmenruras that it was an act of retributory justice.

The country where the Milmenruras used to live—their tribe is now extinct—is a long and narrow peninsula, bounded by the ocean on one side and the immense Coorong lagoons on the other.

O'Halloran's party landed on its northern end, formed a line of mounted men arrors it, and moved south, beating the cover as they advanced. The majority of the tribe was rounded up and the adults were found to be wearing bloodstained articles of European clothing.

As soon as the Milmenruras had been mustered, O'Halloran held a court-martial. Through the interpreters, the tribe admitted having killed the easteways and indicated two of their young men, Mongarawata and Palgari, as the ringleaders. This pair of dusky bad men had one feature in common; faces which betokened their savage, merciless natures.

When all present were satisfied that these two men were indeed the leaders in the brutal murders, they were hanged on a gallows erected for the purpose on the spot where some of their victims had been slain.

From letters found by some ripped mailbags near the scene of the crime, the identity of the missing vessel was established. She was the brigantine Maria, which had sailed from Port Adelaide on June 7, bound for Hobart. Her master, Captain W. E. Smith, had his wife with him and her passenger list was: Samuel Denham, with his wife, their five children and James Strutt, their servant; Mrs. York and her infant daughter; Mr. and Mrs. George Green, Mr. and Mrs.

Thomas Daniel and Mr Alex Murray. The crew comprised the mate, five seamen, a cook and a boy.

Searching for survivors the police found only more bodies.

Then a rumour circulated in Adelaide that Mongarawata and Pilgari had been selected for execution because they were the ugliest men in the tribe Years later, in his novel of the pioneering days, Paving the Way, Simpson Newland perpetuated the libel After his recall to England, Governor Gawler was censured for "Ordering the execution of aborigines without a proper trial" As is so often the case, public sympathy was with the murderers and not with their victims

Today we can see how unjust it was. All the papers of Major O'Halloran's court-martial are preserved in the Archives Department of the Public Library of South Australia Any impartial person who reads them must be struck with the conclusiveness of the evidence against the two men who were hanged. The verdict of guilty was the unanimous decision of every white man present, as well as that of the three native interpreters

Many years passed before one mystery connected with the fate of the Maria castaways was solved The bodies were found at three widely separated places. Why had the shipwrecked people divided their force into three parties, when their only hope of keeping hostile natives at bay while they made their way back to civilisation lay in travelling as a united party? When they no longer feared further retribution, the guilty natives told their version of the tragic affair.

The Maria had run on to the isolated reef named Baudin's Rocks. All the passengers and crew had reached the shore in the ship's boats They had brought with them blankets, spare clothing, the more valuable of their personal property, some food, two muskets but no ammunition, the mail bags and a consignment of 4,000 sovereigns.

They had landed near the site of the present-day town of Kingston. The local natives had befriended them, showing them where fresh water could be found at soaks in the sandhills and had caught fish to feed them With a few of these natives as guides, the castaways set off in a northerly direction along the beach When a high sandhill was reached, the natives had refused to go any farther. Ahead of them, they declared, lay the territory of the savage Milmenrura tribe. They would be killed if they set foot on it.

Then a serious difference of opinion had split the white people into two factions. Captain Smith, familiar with the local geography through using charts of the coast, declared that the party must now head inland and travel along the track used by the drovers. It would lead to an outpost of civilisation. To continue to walk along the beach was folly, as the mouth of the Murray blocked the way.

The passengers, led by Denham, had maintained that the best course was to follow the beach

Most of the passengers went off along the beach, while Captain Smith, with his wife, the crew and Mr. and Mrs Daniel, headed inland. True to his trust, the master of the wrecked ship took care of the mailbags, but it appears that the very heavy box of sovereigns was buried next day, in the hope that the money could be recovered later.

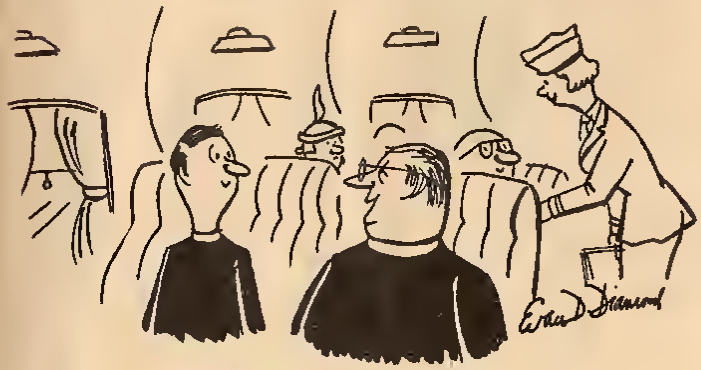
Before long it seems to have dawned on Mr and Mrs. Green, and their friend Murray, that Denham was wrong, for they left his party and turned inland, to struggle through swamps and scrub in the hope of rejoining the captain's party. Denham, accompanied by his wife and family, his servant Strutt and Mrs York, with her baby, continued to tramp northward along the wind-swept, bleak ocean beach.

All three parties were now being dogged by natives of the Milmenrura tribe, who watched the castaways from the cover of the scrub and hurried to gather the silver spoons, spare clothing and other items which the weary white people were abandoning at each halt. Finally came the attacks at dawn, when a shower of spears was followed by a rush to complete the butchery with clubs. Then the bodies were stripped of their clothing and either had a bit of sand raked over them or were thrust into nearby wombat holes

One mystery has never been solved. Where are those 4,000 sovereigns? The Milmenrura natives must have located the cache and removed some of its contents, for a man from the Encounter Bay whaling station went down the Coorong with a dray loaded with blankets and tomahawks to trade with them and returned in a very suspicious state of affluence. Then Dr. Penny, the surgeon at the whaling station, also contacted the tribe, to exchange a shirt and a blanket for eleven sovereigns.

He forwarded them to Adelaide with a letter in which he stated that he had promised similar rewards to the natives if they handed over more of the "yellow money," but no further sovereigns were traded. Odd coins have since been found in the area, lying on sites where the Milmenrura tribe used to camp, but it seems likely that the bulk of the money still lies where Captain Smith buried it over a century ago

If this be true, then a rich prize lies hidden among the sand dunes and scrub on the southern end of the Coorong



"This is my first flight, but I feel very much at home up here."

MICHAEL EVANS

the verdict of SHOCK TREATMENT

Shock treatment, first applied 15 years ago, will not cure all, but it has been a success with most mental ills.

PSYCHIATRISTS have been busy making an assessment of the effects of electric shock treatment on certain types of mental ills

It is now 15 years since two Italian doctors, Cerletti and Bini, first tried out the shock treatment on some of their patients. They had observed that persons accidently shocked by electricity sometimes experienced convulsions.

Their theory was that the beneficial convulsions previously induced through the use of drugs could be just as easily brought about by the use of electricity. Their method was announced in 1938, and since then, electric shock has proved to be so satisfactory that it is now generally used.

During the time the treatment has been used, few practices have excited greater controversy. All sorts of wild tales have circulated—that a lot of patients subjected to the treatment die from electrocution; that many lose their memories entirely; that the treatment is accompanied by a nauseating smell of seared flesh—and so on.

The proven facts about shock treatment are that the death rate is less than one in every two thousand cases treated In view of the fact that many cases have received numerous individual treatments, this rate is surprisingly low. Those that die, do not do so from electrocution, but from organic diseases which could have killed them at any time, and would have been fatal during the most minor form of operation. In fact, the death rate is even lower than in some types of surgery.

Patients do suffer from memory confusion after treatment. But their memories return, very often with increased power within a few days. There is no possibility whatever of a patient suffering from burns.

Psychiatrists have found that it is of use only in certain types of cases.

The most spectacular results have been obtained with people suffering from what might be called in layman's language, "middle-aged gloom."

Take the case of a well-known society woman, and a leading light in a number of organisations, who suddenly broke off all her associations and retired to her home She refused to see visitors—even her relatives—and spent a lot of time just sitting and staring into thin air, or weeping softly.

Finally she was persuaded to undergo shock treatment After six shocks she made a complete recovery. She was able to manage her home as before and returned to an active social life.

Cases of dementia praecox often yield to shock treatment. In one classical case a young university student developed the idea that he was being followed He used to think there was an intruder lurking in his room every night; he refused to walk down badly lit streets and even during the day, constantly looked over his shoulder.

Then his imaginary shadow took to carrying a gun. The student adopted a disguise every time he went out; closely scrutinised passers-by for a tell tale bulge that would indicate a gun

His case finally came to a head when he ran into the path of a bus to escape "being shot." When he recovered from his injuries his case was diagnosed and shock treatment recommended.

He was given more than 100 shock treatments and made a complete recovery. He graduated successfully and gained a good position. His employers have never suspected that he once suffered from a most serious form of insanity.

In shock treatment about 115 volts of alternating current are passed through the patient's head for about three-tenths of a second. It is impossible for a patient to receive a fatal shock as the machine is designed to shut off automatically after delivering one ampere of current.

When a patient undergoes shock treatment he reclines on an ordinary hospital bed. A special paste is smeared on his temples, to ensure good conduction for the electric current, and two electrodes are held in place there by a band which passes right around the patient's head.

With the shock machine set to deliver an exact amount of current, the operator simply pushes a button and treatment starts.

The immediate effect, as the current passes through the brain, is that the patient loses consciousness. The patient is entirely unaware of the convulsion through which he passes and retains no memory of the treatment.

Next, the patient takes a quick deep breath which he promptly expels with a loud cry. He ceases breathing for a minute or two and his face takes on a ghastly blue pallor. Breathing is then gradually resumed and the color of the skin becomes normal.

The effect of the electric shock is like an epileptic seizure. All muscles go into a violent spasm which lasts

SKIN-DEEP BEAUTY

She spread cold cream upon
her face—
Her daughter watched in-
tently—
"What's that for, mummy?"
queried Grace
"To make me lovely," ma
said gently.
She rubbed it in with circu-
lar motion,
And Grace did silently sit
She watched her ma apply
the lotion—
And said "It didn't work,
did it?"

— RAY-ME

for about twenty seconds. Then, for about thirty seconds, the muscles contract alternately before they become gradually quiet. Brainwaves taken at this point show that the brain's activity is nearly at a standstill. During this time the patient often froths at the mouth.

Some of the spasms are so violent that the patient has to be held down to prevent bodily harm. For half an hour after the treatment the patient usually falls into a deep sleep.

Half an hour after waking he is able to walk unsteadily, but he is confused in his thinking and knows nothing about where he is or what has happened. The confusion may last for several days in cases where treatment has been given in rapid succession.

Quite often patients forget what day of the week it is, with embarrassing consequences. Some claim that they have not received treatment.

One young woman in Chicago was given shock treatment on a Wednesday. When she awoke she thought it was still Tuesday. In the evening she dressed to go to the theatre and waited patiently for a male friend to call for her. Actually, he had called for her, and they had gone to the theatre, the previous night. She had completely forgotten this.

As time passed and her friend did not call, she became increasingly angry. Finally she got on the phone and bawled him out. He was naturally most indignant and perplexed, and the whole affair took a lot of tactful sorting out on the part of relatives.

In spite of her temporary confusion, this young woman was so benefited by her series of treatments that she was able to return to her normal way of life.

A common assumption is that the violent convulsion through which patients pass during the treatment makes it dangerous to treat those with high blood pressure or heart disease. Of course, it is true that shock treatment imposes an added strain on the heart and blood vessels, but often the mental symptoms of a patient cause him to exercise so much that it is harder on the heart than a series of shock treatments.

On more than one occasion shock treatments have been successfully administered to over middle-age patients with a blood pressure exceeding 240. After the treatments the patients' blood pressure has returned to normal.

Shock treatments in the U.S.A. have even been given to patients suffering from tuberculosis in addition to nervous ailments. And in one case it was given where pregnancy and mental disorder had occurred simultaneously.

What, then, is the verdict on shock treatment?

Without question it has been of great benefit in bringing under control the functional psychoses. It is definitely effective in about 80 p.c. of cases, and produces something close to a total cure in about half of these.

Shock treatment is not a cure-all, and can be a dangerous tool in the hands of an unqualified operator, but its results have been successful enough for it to be granted a definite and honorable place in psychiatry.

The missing link in the story is that nobody knows how shock treatment works—just what happens, physiologically, when the shock jolts the brain. This knowledge—and psychiatrists believe it is only a matter of time before they have it—should pave the way to a far better understanding of all mental ills, and to a more efficient use of electrotherapy.

trespasser in the palace

Edward Jones repeatedly broke into Buckingham Palace. He became the despair of police, Army and the Royal Family.

JAMES HOLLEDGE

IN 1838 Edward Jones was a London youth with a burning ambition. Despite the stern opposition of the police, the army and the Privy Council, not to mention that of Queen Victoria and the entire Royal Family, he carried it out with a humorous, dogged persistence and cunning that set all England agog.

In-I-Go Jones, as he was soon to be dubbed, was a wizened, undersized 15-year-old, generally dirty and grimy from his occupation of chimney sweep. And his ambition was to see inside Buckingham Palace.

He accomplished that ambition on several occasions. Jones was first detected creeping about the Palace at five o'clock on the morning of December 14, 1838. When spied by a footman he sprinted off, but was brought down by a flying tackle after an exhausting hide-and-seek through the famed Marble Hall.

After he was handed over to the police, an inquiry was started as to how he got in, as every entry was carefully guarded by two police inspectors, 10 constables and 30 sentries of the Foot Guards.

It was finally deduced that he must have wriggled through a small vent near the gate at the Marble Arch, although two sentries were stationed there.

Jones himself flatly refused to divulge his method of entry. But he said he had been wandering around the Palace for two days, stealing his food from the kitchens. He boasted that he had even been present, concealed behind furniture, at a meeting of Queen Victoria with her ministers.

On December 19, the prisoner was tried at Westminster Sessions. His father explained the passion of his son for the Royal Family. Edward had often expressed his intention of getting into the Palace and having a good look at Royalty for himself. The lad's employer, a chimney sweep, stated that Edward spoke of nothing but the Queen. He wanted to see her and he wanted to sketch the Grand Staircase. Counsel had been obtained for the boy, and he successfully pleaded to the jury that the incident was but a youthful prank. Edward Jones was found not guilty.

Jones' feat really started something. He became the talk of the town. Newspapers wrote his life story and interviewed him. Cartoonists depicted him peeping round a curtain at Victoria and Albert holding hands on a sofa.

He was approached by Fenimore Cooper, the celebrated American author of "The Last of the Mohicans," then visiting England, with a proposition to accompany him back to the States, where they could both make a fortune.

Whether Cooper intended to exhibit him in a sideshow or had some more literary project in view is not known, for In-I-Go Jones rejected his proposal.

The disgruntled novelist then told "The Times" that, instead of a bright and intelligent lad as he had expected, he found him to be "a dull, undersized runt, remarkable only for his taciturnity and obstinacy."

An English stage producer then appeared with an offer of a large salary to star in a play he had written on the affair, titled "Intrusion" or "A Guest Uninvited."

But In-I-Go Jones was a serious youth, only interested in getting into Buckingham Palace and "visiting the Queen." He did not seek publicity and likewise refused this offer, resuming his chimney sweeping activities.

Two years passed. How many times young Jones surreptitiously entered the palace in that time is not known, as he was not caught at it again until December 3, 1840.

At midnight on that date, however, he became famous once again, when found skulking under a sofa in Queen Victoria's dressing room. Rumours spread among the horrified populace that Her Majesty had herself been sitting on the sofa scarcely two hours before.

This time the case was considered too important to be dealt with in the usual channels of the law. In-I-Go Jones was hailed before the Privy Council.

Gratified at the attention, Jones readily told his story. He said he climbed the wall of the palace at a secret spot he knew and entered through an open window. He had been there for four days this time, hiding under various beds and in cupboards. On one occasion he proud-

A book-keeper was found to have been misappropriating the firm's money to the extent of a hundred thousand pounds. Owing to his length of service, it was decided not to prosecute him. But he would be fired. "Why fire me?" asked the book-keeper. "My wife and I now have everything we want—a home, a car, a motor launch, nice clothes and a healthy bank account. Why hire a new man and let him start from scratch?"

ly asserted, he had even sat on the throne for a short time.

Evidence was called as to Jones' mental condition, but revealed that, although his head was of peculiar formation, he was quite sane. With no alternative, therefore, than to treat him as a criminal, the Privy Council sentenced him to three months in the House of Correction as a rogue and a vagabond.

From the official point of view, of course, the matter was a serious one. Politics were wild and hectic in those days. If a youth could walk into Buckingham Palace when he liked, so, it appeared, could an assassin.

The result was increased precautions. Sentries were drilled in the necessity for eternal vigilance; the police force patrolling the inside of the palace was doubled in numbers.

While in prison, Jones was approached by a magistrate, who endeavoured to persuade him to go to sea as soon as he was released. He refused. Also, he would not give a promise to keep away from Buckingham Palace in future. His curiosity was too great, he said.

As soon as he was released on March 2, 1841, the palace drew him back irresistibly. Early on the morning of March 15, a police sergeant patrolling the palace glimpsed his skinny figure peeping at him through a glass door in the Grand Hall. Jones shot off like a rabbit, but the corridors were swarming with guards and he soon ran into the arms of a couple of them.

He had entered the palace the night before and crept into one of the many snug hiding places he now knew. Hunger had brought him out, and he was making his way back from the kitchens—his handkerchief crammed with a feast of cold meat and potatoes—when spied by the sergeant.

In the public mind, In-I-Go Jones was rapidly becoming a hero. The thought of the unequal contest between one determined youth and the hordes of royal guards aroused their sympathy. They avidly read a statement by Jones in the papers that he had entered the palace the same way as before and could do so again as often as he liked.

Officialdom, however, was at its wit's end. The Privy Council sentenced him to another three months, but what, it was asked, would happen when he got out again?

Obviously he was too great a nuisance to continue his "visiting" unhindered, and he could not be watched continuously by the police for the rest of his life. Discreet action was therefore taken to get him out of the country.

When he was released, a mysterious Mr James called on the boy's father and talked to him earnestly of the advantages of a seafaring life. He offered to introduce Edward to the captain of a ship called the "Diamond," who would take him on as an apprentice at the fabulous wage of £40 a year (the ruling rate then being about £6 a year).

The parents seem to have been particularly naive, for they readily gave their consent. On July 2, 1841, Edward was bundled off with Mr James and an unidentified friend of his. They undertook to deliver him to Gravesend, where the "Diamond" was berthed. His parents were never to see him again.

Nothing more was heard of Edward Jones, until a few weeks later, a London newspaper broke the story of his departure. It revealed that Mr James, his friend (who was a Bow Street police officer) and Edward found the "Diamond" had left when they got to Gravesend. Undeterred, the trio sailed for Cork in Ireland, where James hoped to find another berth for the young man.

There was no suitable vessel in Cork, so they traipsed back to Plymouth and finally Liverpool, where Edward embarked on a vessel supposedly bound for Brazil. It was freely rumoured around these ports, said the paper, that £500 had been offered to any captain willing to take the boy off their hands.

Worried now, Edward's father contacted Mr James, who had returned to London. He was handed a letter, which the boy was supposed to have written before his departure.

It elaborately emphasised the "utmost friendship" he had received from Mr. James, who 'earnestly promoted the welfare of deserving individuals, pursuant to establishing them on more orderly courses."

The unlikely language of the letter was commented upon in several papers which published it. "The Times" also pertinently queried who paid the fares of the trio over to Cork and round the English ports.

The parents, however, seemed to be satisfied. In several interviews later, Jones Senior stated he believed the best course had been taken with his son, and he knew he was safe and well.

What really happened to In-I-Go Jones was never discovered. As far as is known, he never returned to England, so it seems unlikely he became a merchant sailor.

the daring daltons

Bob Dalton wanted to become more famous than Jesse James. He and his brothers committed one daring crime after another. But the last was too daring.

WAL KING

BOB DALTON, the young, romantic-looking deputy-marshal, fronted his rival, his hands hanging loosely over his two six-guns. "You stole my gal!" he said, and went for his gun. The other man never had a chance, for he was unarmed. Dalton shot him dead.

That was the first step of Robert Dalton on the owlhoot, or bandit, trail, but he was destined for it, for he had the blood of the Youngers. It was blood which had already produced the famous outlaws Cole, James and Bob Younger, associates of the Jesse James Gang.

But that was some years before, for when Bob Dalton was born—in Cass County, Missouri, on October 5, 1867—Jesse James was twenty and had only nine more years to live. Cole Younger was twenty-three, but he had a lot longer to live than Bob Dalton, as he died in 1916.

Charles Younger, grandfather of the Younger and Dalton bandits, had moved into the very wild, at that time, Missouri in 1825. He had three sons and a daughter. One of the sons, Colonel Henry Washington Younger, was to father the outlaws, another son, Thomas Jefferson Younger, became a politician in the Missouri State Legislature the third son, Benjamin Franklin Younger, grew up as a defender of the law and was a peace officer of St. Clair County, Missouri. The daughter, Adaline Lee Younger, married Louis Dalton, who was of Irish stock, and from that union came the outlaws Grattan, William, Robert and Emmet.

Louis Dalton believed in a large family and when he later moved with Adaline into the Indian Territory (later to become Oklahoma) they had eight children—seven sons and a daughter. About 1882 they moved to Coffeyville, Kansas, a town which was to become the site of the death of two of the sons.

The love of adventure was in the blood of the Daltons, but they did not all work out their lust for excitement by taking to the crooked trail. Some of them became respectable farmers. Frank, Grattan and Bob became deputy United States marshals.

Frank was the first to die. He was still a law officer and in the line of duty he fought it out with an outlaw while trying to make an arrest. The outlaw won and Frank was killed.

In the autumn of 1888 Bob Dalton was appointed a deputy-marshal, at the age of nineteen, in the Indian Territory. It was there that someone made a pass at his current inamorata and Bob shot him dead. He was then on the run.

He went home and persuaded Grattan that the job of peace-officer paid too little, both in adventure and dollars, and that the life of the outlaw was the life for them. They also pulled in the youngest brother, Emmet, who was born five years after Bob and was a mere boy of fifteen.

The three began by setting up in business as horse-thieves and operated around Baxter Springs, Kansas. But things became a little too warm for comfort so the trio moved over to California about the end of 1890.

Always Bob had the urge to outdo the James-Younger gang. That gang had done a great many train hold-ups, but always with a large company. Bob decided that three men would be enough to hold up a train, seeing those three were the Daltons, and in February, 1891, they stuck up a train of the Southern Pacific Company at Alila.

But they were new to the game and in this stick-up something became un-stuck. There was a fight. Bob and Emmet got clear, but Grattan was captured. The law handed him a sentence of twenty years, but Grattan had no intention of serving it. On his way to the penitentiary he eluded his guards, jumped from the moving train and got clear away through a hail of lead.

Grattan made back for the Indian Territory, which had become Oklahoma. He suspected his brothers were now busy over that way. They were. In May, 1891, Bob, undaunted by the first failure, and accompanied only by Emmet and a new recruit named Charley Bryant, held up and successfully robbed a train at Wharton.

Posses were raised in many centres and a relentless pursuit was ordered. The hunters got on the trail of Charley Bryant, bounded him down, wounded him slightly and he was arrested by a peace-officer named

An expert golfer teed off and made one of his rare miss-hits. The ball flew through a window of a house, knocked over a lamp and set the house on fire. The golfer did not panic. He placed another ball on the tee, took careful aim, smacked the ball hard and true—and smashed the glass of the fire alarm. The brigade arrived and put out the fire.

Ed Short. But while Short was taking Bryant to gaol someone slipped the outlaw a gun. He and Short fought it out and killed each other.

The Daltons were not heard of for over twelve months, but during that year Bob had been planning. He intended to go in for outlawry on a big scale and he had increased the size of his gang. In June, 1892, when they struck again, the gang numbered six—Bob, Emmet and Grattan Dalton, Bill Doolin, Oliver Yountis and Dick Broadwell.

At Red Rock, Oklahoma they held up a train successfully, the spot being only twenty-six miles from Wharton, where Bob, Emmet and Charley Bryant had committed a similar crime.

Six weeks later the gang, now reinforced by Bill Dalton and Bill Powers, stopped and fleeced a train at Perry, then another at Adair, all in the same vicinity. They rode off and started on banks.

They were doing very well and the egotistical twenty-four-year-old leader, Bob Dalton, reckoned he would out-do the James gang. There was one way—to stick up a town and rob two banks at once! Bob gave that idea some thought.

Emmet, under another name, and now twenty, had long ago tired of banditry and taken a job on a ranch. He had also fallen in love with a girl, who was ignorant of his real identity. They were planning to marry.

But Emmet could not get away from his past. When the dominating Bob called he had to go. He argued, but Bob threatened to tell the girl and the local sheriff who he was. He promised to do one last job.

At the rendezvous there were the four Dalton brothers—Bob, Grattan, Emmet and Bill, also Dick Broadwell and Bill Powers.

Bob expounded his scheme. They would hold up two banks simultaneously in the town of Coffeyville.

That was startling news, for the Dalton farm was near that town, and all the Daltons were well known there. Some of the gang thought the project too risky. But not Bob. He pointed out that it was an advantage that they knew the town so well. He had found out that the banks were loaded heavily with money, for oil had lately been found just outside Coffeyville and the town was starting to boom.

The day he had picked for the deed was his twenty-fifth birthday.

Two men rode at a walk into Coffeyville, their broad-brimmed hats pulled low. They pulled up, dismounted and strolled casually into a bank. They were Bob and Emmet Dalton.

At that moment Dick Broadwell rode up the alley beside the bank, but pulled up at the corner of the building and sat there, his eyes roving.

Bill Power rode along the street and reined in at the hitching rack outside the Trust Bank further along the street.

Wilson, a storekeeper, had noticed these happenings as he lazed on his porch. He now saw two more riders come into the town—and these he recognised as the famous outlaws Bill and Grat Dalton. Wilson went into his store and began to load a rifle.

The four outlaws had no great trouble in the two banks. They walked out into the sunshine loaded down with coin bags. Wilson fired from across the street and his bullet smashed Bob Dalton's jaw.

It was fast from there on. Dick Broadwell shot Wilson dead, and bullets flew in all directions. Four of the townsfolk were killed, one of them a boy, who was shot by Bill Dalton as he escaped. Bob and Grattan Dalton were both shot to death, also Bill Powers and Dick Broadwell. Emmet Dalton, already wounded, could have escaped, but he rode back to help his brothers and was brought down. He did not die, but served a long gaol sentence and came out—a cripple—to live a law-abiding life.

Bill Dalton got clear, but the posse found his hiding place and he, too, went to Boothill heavily weighted with bullets.

The gun-slinging Daltons would ride no more.

KURT SINGER

espionage in Florida

German spies were very successful in U.S.A., until someone talked too much

THE coast of Florida, with a gateway to Latin America and the Carribean was one of the most vulnerable spots in American defence during World War II. Not only were the Germans able to bring submarines to the Florida coast but they were able to land their sahoteurs on American shores. They also had been most successful in torpedoing ships leaving the South of the United States for Carribean and South American ports. Ship explosions could be seen often from the shores of Florida, and many a valuable lend-lease ship found its way to Davy Jones's locker.

Army and Navy Intelligence were baffled. How was this possible? Hundreds of patrol planes combed the Florida coast day and night and sighted no enemy submarines. Staff meetings were called at Camp Boca Haton and Camp Murphy, but without result. Ship after ship was torpedoed. Practically every third ship going into the Carribean was prey for the Axis U-boats.

Every Intelligence Agency in the south was on the alert. There was little doubt that a submarine was being re-fuelled, either in the Carribean or more likely off Florida's coast. She was playing havoc with the U.S. merchant marine. The search went on for weeks. More ships were lost and no results were visibly achieved by Intelligence. Washington generals and admirals came to Florida for advice and consultation—still the mystery sub. could not be traced.

Then one day the bartender at a bar in West Palm Beach came to the rescue of the intelligence services. The bartender, let's call him John Healy, told the routine investigator that there was one man who came to his West Palm Beach bar who talked a lot.

A young investigator took down every word of the bartender, and later wrote a long report. John Healy told the investigator that the customer was about 50, had a cruel mouth and when he was drunk, loved to talk. The last time when he had been drinking too much he had said:

"Our secret service—they are kids, blue bloods from Boston, draft dodgers behind an army desk. Ship after ship gets torpedoed just in front of us. They know nothing."

He continued: "These Nazis, no one can beat them. We are no match for them. We are a pushover, we are naive, stupid, and they will land here one day. Who knows they might even win the war. We have no business over there. Why don't we stay home? Why do we stick our noses into other people's business?"

The bartender remembered his name. It was Hawks, the new servant at the Kreble place. Mrs. Kreble was one of the richest widows in Palm Beach. She had a fabulous estate with a private lake and river connecting the ocean with the Silver River.

Mrs. Kreble had had another servant but he had not been at the bar for more than a month; he probably had been fired.

Everyone of importance in Florida's Palm Beach knew the wealthy Mrs. Kreble. She had been living there for twenty years. She was a lady above suspicion who had supported many charities and churches. She was a distinguished widow around sixty and her estate included a beautiful old-fashioned mansion with four acres of land and a private lake. Her property was surrounded by a six-feet high stone wall.

The F.B.I. assigned an investigator named Paul Ramsey to the task of gaining information about Mrs. Kreble. He was to pose as an electrician, gain admission to the house and find out what he could.

Paul Ramsey arrived with his car at the Kreble estate and has never been seen since. The car was never found. This was in the Spring of 1943. But nothing was done for two weeks.

Washington now gave orders to stop wasting time and to invade the estate of Mrs. Kreble and see what was going on there. Washington expected action and results. Unless fresh evidence could be produced within one week the Kreble place was to be opened, by force if necessary.

But before that could happen an Intelligence officer came upon something most interesting which he reported at once to his superiors.

He had noticed a newsboy selling

DOMESTIC BLISS

They sat by the fire reading — a man and his wife.
They'd lived a long time and led a quiet life
The fire spread warmth on this family scene —
No happier couple could ever have been
He pulled out his pipe and filled it with care,
She smiled at him sweetly — they were a nice pair
She bent forward slightly and lit a taper,
Touched the flame to his pipe, and gave him the paper.
He smiled at her nicely and puffed at his pipe,
She sighed gently — he was her type
They went on reading — he studied the sports
She read the social and news of all sorts
She uttered a sudden incredulous sound
A man in the Islands bought a wife for a pound!"
He blunted the peace as he sharpened his wit:
"A good wife should be worth every penny of it"

— GLOVES

newspapers in the centre of West Palm Beach, one of the busiest spots in town. The boy usually shouted the headlines loudly, but whenever Hawks stopped to buy a newspaper from him, the boy shouted differently. When Hawks left him the newspaper boy resumed his usual shouting.

Naval Intelligence ordered cars parked near the newspaper boy's stand so that tape recordings of his shouting could be made.

A Washington cypher expert was called in and within three days it was established that whenever Hawks passed by the newsboy a coded message was given to him by the vendor. They decyphered a code which informed Hawks on how many ships and at what time and from where they would leave.

Next morning, the Kreble place was invaded. Over 100 intelligence men, FBI agents and police crashed the gate of the Kreble estate. Doors were smashed. In a labyrinth of a cellar was found a full repair shop for a submarine and submarine parts. Oil tanks were located; one full wall was covered with oil drums.

Mrs. Kreble was in the living room listening to the radio. She seemed completely disinterested, but was co-operative and willing to answer questions.

Her former servant had not disappeared, he had left her. He had gone North, probably on another job. Hawks had come to her through an employment agency from Ohio. Did they dare to question her patriotism? Submarines? She knew nothing about such things. Repair shop? The officers had seen too many movies.

The men went back downstairs. There they discovered another cellar door which they broke down.

There was Hawks, among more oil drums, kneeling before a shortwave radio sender. Hawks, seeing the intruders, put his hand into his pocket and drew a gun. But before he could shoot, three shots had felled him. He was mortally wounded.

Now the case became clear. This hidden radio was in contact with the submarine.

Mrs. Kreble was brought down into the cellar and confronted with the dying Hawks. She was asked to confess, but she refused.

"All right," said the head officer, "We will send planes over the estate and cover the entire area. Our bombs will find the submarine."

"No!—No!—No, don't," shouted Mrs. Kreble, in a high, hysterical scream. Mrs. Kreble broke down. She told the officer that Hawks had killed the former servant and Ramsey, and had buried both in the cellar.

"Did a newspaper boy get information for Hawks?"

"Yes."

"Through whom."

"Hawks' brother worked at the docks."

Now the Army Intelligence chief of the district came into the room and told the officer that two army planes were already heading over the estate and coast area and radio contact had been established. "Shall we drop bombs along the river?"

"Do you know where the submarine is?" the officer asked Mrs. Kreble.

"No. Hawks knew it, I don't."

A few minutes later it was reported that a radar echo had been heard from the centre of the lake on Mrs. Kreble's estate.

Orders were given at once and six bombs were dropped over the centre of Mrs. Kreble's private lake, the lake which was connected with Silver River and the ocean.

Huge geysers rose, and the tiny, clean lake was suddenly filled with mud and the rainbow patterns of oil. The bombs had found their mark.

That same day, U.S. Navy divers went to the bottom of the lake and found a small-sized submarine. Its thin skin had been smashed by concussion.

It was the first enemy submarine ever to operate from America's own shores. After it was sunk there were no more sinkings off the Florida coast.

Hawks' brother and the newsboy were caught and they and Mrs. Kreble were sent to prison. Hawks died of wounds received in the FBI raid.

CON WILLIAMS

In every one of us there are characteristics of both sexes.

THE youth sitting before the doctor was faced with an unusual decision. He wanted to forsake one sex for another but fear of social ostracism prevented him from acting.

In male clothes he looked like a man, apart from a pink and white complexion and very little hair on his face. Physically, he had male characteristics, although his chest was inclined to fulness.

The life of a normal man did not appeal, he told the doctor, who could see he was not forceful. He preferred to be led. Females had no sexual appeal to him but men did, and he preferred their company.

The youth was very unhappy in his present way of life, forced to be a male when he really wanted to be a female and lead a woman's life. It was not a rare case to the doctor—or to any doctor for that matter. Medical literature is full of such cases, and operations for their cure are well-known.

Once the doctor had convinced the youth that no social ostracism would come from a sex-changing operation, the way was clear. Such an operation involves a series of sex hormone treatments and surgery, so it was decided that when these were completed, the youth would move to another state and adopt another name. Just like that.

Yet for centuries people in a similar plight—male females and female males—have been the centre of a social problem with consequent ostracism. They have been dubbed "queer types" and found it impossible to lead a normal life with normal people, through no fault of their own.

The basic cause of their troubles lies in sex hormone balance. Sex hormones do the strangest things to people. Too much of the wrong sort can make beards grow on girls, and breasts develop on boys.

They mean the difference between virility and timidity in men; between bossiness and winsome charm in women. They make men grow beards and develop broad shoulders and narrow hips; give women long hair, sloping shoulders, full breasts and broad hips.

We all know that the sex glands generate male and female cells which lead to reproduction, but they also secrete into the blood certain chemical substances, or hormones, which impress male or female characteristics on our tissues.

Each of us, man or woman, gets a full issue of male and female hormones. These hormones see that we have the right urges at the right times. But in males the femininity is controlled by other hormones from other glands, and, in females, the masculinity is similarly regulated.

There is no absolute masculine or absolute feminine. We are all betwixt and between, some more than others. The adult male has rudimentary bits of feminity in his body, The nipples, for instance, and a rudimentary uterus deep in the pelvis. And male characteristics can be traced in the female.

Off balance, hormones produce such abnormalities as giants, dwarfs, bearded women and "feminised men."

In the case of male-females, they are usually born with rudimentary male sex organs, also have female organs. With liberal doses of female hormones and several operations they can be transformed into females.

Such was the case of an American youth who underwent a sex change in Copenhagen during November, 1952. After the operation the new female adopted the name of Christine Jorgensen. Her case was given wide publicity throughout the world and classed as a rare instance, largely because such operations are rarely disclosed.

In April, 1950, it was reported from New York that Dr. William Salter, of the Yale School of Medicine, had discovered that U.S. soldiers who had survived the Bataan "Death March" had developed abnormal breasts.

The condition, called gynecomastia, was due to inadequate diet and overwork in Japanese prison camps. The soldiers' livers were so badly damaged that they were unable to destroy natural secretions of female hormones.

As a result, the female hormones were able to circulate freely throughout the men's bodies, producing enlarged breasts and other "femmising"

A koala bear walked into a hotel and ordered a Scotch and soda The barman served him without a word. The koala handed over a pound and received his change Then the barman spoke. Excuse me," he said, "I hope you don't mind me mentioning it, but I haven't seen a koala bear in here before." The koala looked at him. "No," he replied, "and you're not likely to see another—not at these prices"

effects It was necessary to treat these cases with large doses of male hormone to counter-balance the defects The result was successful in all cases.

In the case of Australia's most notorious man-woman, Eugene Falleni—really Eugenie—an overdose of male hormones was the cause of much violence and brutality.

Falleni was born in Italy and displayed masculine tendencies from the day she entered her teens. She dressed as a boy and led a masculine life By the time she was 15 years of age, she had signed on a Norwegian ship as cabin boy.

Sailing ships in those days were real "hell" ships, but Falleni, although lightly built, endured the rigors of a cabin boy's life. It wasn't until they reached Australia that she was discovered, and dumped ashore at Newcastle

Falleni's amazing twenty years as a man began on the day she left the ship The stranding suited her warped sexual personality and strong sadistic streak. She chose to dress as a man and live a masculine life taking work as a labourer, gardener —in fact, any sort of job that was active

Falleni had a strong and compelling attraction to women who were fascinated by her soft and deep voice, large, dark eyes, swarthy complexion and high cheek bones. Her hair was cropped short and bristly.

She wasn't at all feminine in manner—on the contrary, as she smoked, drank and swore with the best of men. And while she lived the life of an ordinary unambitious working man, she continually sought woman's company. It was later established that she went through the form of marriage with at least three women.

The marriages were strange from the point that no one realised she was a woman—that was, nobody until her third wife, Mrs Annie Burkett.

It was not established exactly how Falleni met and wooed Annie Burkett, but it seems astounding that this woman, a widow with one son, could have been deceived, even for a short time. Police and medical men could only work on theory, based on details of the investigation. It is believed that Mrs. Burkett discovered Falleni was a woman by accident and was murdered when she threatened to disclose her knowledge.

The disappearance of Mrs Burkett aroused suspicion in the neighbourhood. It was noticed that her son was in mortal fear of his "stepfather" and finally talk reached police ears.

Following inquiries, Falleni was arrested at an Annandale hotel where she was working as a cellarman. The subsequent trial caused a stir in New South Wales Falleni fought stubbornly, but was found guilty and in 1920 sentenced to life imprisonment.

There have been other man-woman cases in Australia, and also a few sex changes. Details of these are not well known apart from an admission by a specialist that sex changes are known in Australia. Without mentioning names he cited the case of a 24-year-old youth who was treated as a male but found it embarrassing.

The youth's parents were not understanding and frequently humiliated him with biting remarks about his shy and retiring nature, his personal appearance and lack of masculinity. The father was particularly bitter and the youth became highly neurotic and sensitive.

His life became a nightmare and he frequently thought of suicide Fortunately he took the sensible way and consulted a doctor. It was found that physically he was very much more feminine than masculine, that his male sex organs were only rudimentary. Treatment and a series of operations successfully changed his sex, and "he" is now living a normal life as a female.

More publicised are Australia's female males. When rabbiter Joseph Ryan died at Scone in 1947 it was front page news. Ryan was found to be a woman

It was established that she was a Mrs. Louise Agnes Thompson, who had left her husband ten years before For that time she had masqueraded as a woman, living with 55-year-old harness-mender James Ryan as his son.

She had been accepted among the men, who knew her as "Rabbiter Joe"

Another case was headlined in 1938 A woman called Annie Payne died in Newington Women's Home, Sydney, at the age of 64, after posing as a man for nearly 51 years. During that time she had married twice and was on the Federal Electoral Rolls as a man.

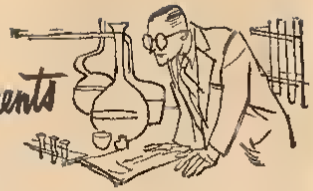
Transformations of women into men are rare but a case did occur in Stockholm where at Sabbatsberg Hospital in August, 1947, a 24-year-old girl was changed to a man

Another case occurred in the United States in 1946. A 20-year-old girl with very masculine tendencies, fell in love with another woman. The other woman was perfectly normal and could not face the thought of even being seen with the woman-man

The girl decided to undergo a sex change which was successful, and, after changing her name, wooed—and won, the other woman. They are now happily married.

Sex hormones do the strangest things to people

THE END OF Arguments



Do you know any rainfall records?

Rain can come down very heavy. In Opida Camp, California, point 65 inches fell in one minute. In Holt, Missouri, 12 inches fell in 42 minutes, while the heavens opened up over Guinea, Virginia, to the extent of 9½ inches in 40 minutes. Rockport, West Virginia, was deluged with 19 inches in two hours and 10 minutes and D'Hanis, Texas, similarly suffered under 22 inches in 2¾ hours. Smethport, Pennsylvania, copped heavy downpours twice—over 30 inches in four and a half hours and just on 35 inches in 15 hours. Thrall, Texas, was swamped with 36 inches in 18 hours. Outside U.S.A., Baguio, Philippine Islands, copped 46 inches in one day, while the record for the most consistent rainfall goes to Cherrapungi, in India. This town holds all but two of the 15 rainfall records. In two years Jupiter Pluvious tipped his watering can over Cherrapungi to the extent of 1605 inches. And, brother, that is wet.

Are mice young rats?

Rats are not overgrown mice. The rat belongs to the genus "Rattus," while mice belong to the "MUS." They represent entirely different branches of the order of animals known as rodents. So, if someone calls you a rat, it does not mean that you are an overgrown mouse—or vice versa. But both terms are insulting.

Why is a horse called "Dobbin?"

"Dobbin" is the diminutive of "Dob," which is a variation of "Robin" or "Rob." "Dobbin" was so widely used in England as a pet name for a horse, that it became a general nickname for the whole horse tribe. It was a name for a horse in Shakespeare's time. In "The Merchant of Venice," first printed in 1596, a peasant character, "Old Gobbo," says to his son, "Launcelot". "Thou hast got more hairs on thy chin than Dobbin, my horse has on his tail."

Why applaud by hand clapping?

Applause, in one form or another, is probably as old as civilisation. The word "applaud" comes from two Latin words meaning to strike together. Ancient Greeks and Romans applauded by hand clapping as well as by snapping the fingers and waving the flaps of their garments. About 1820, Paris theatres began to pay persons to applaud actors. The hired applauders were called "claque" from French "clequer," to applaud. The clapping of hands is instinctive—a child automatically claps its hands to express delight. The louder the applause, the better the public's reaction to the performer — and the greater the satisfaction to the performer's ego.

Having nothing on one night, we decided to look in at a Paris night spot to see how other people look with nothing on. As we entered we saw this beautiful blonde in black, about to take off her bolero. Because we like beautiful blondes —particularly in black— we watched her. She did not see us. Her attention was caught elsewhere.

study in black and white

We don't know whether she did not like black, or whether she thought she would be cooler in white. But she discarded her black skirt. Maybe she felt cooler after peeling, but we felt warmer. In fact, wondering how far she would go, our blood pressure began to rise. A beautiful face, beautiful shoulders, beautiful everything from the waist up.

With the dame getting cooler and us getting warmer, we waited for the legs. However, the pantaloons and the boots were hiding them. Strangely, our attention became fastened, not on the legs, but on the unfastening that was going on. As things were becoming really interesting, the dog left. "Silly mutt," we mused. Then we were called away.

the mysterious world of the ocean floor

RAYMOND GREEN

What secrets and mysterious creatures exist at the bottom of the ocean? Professor Piccard means to find out.

PROFESSOR Auguste Piccard, the intrepid scientist who thrilled the world years ago with his pioneer ascent into the stratosphere in a balloon, is planning to conquer other "worlds"—in this case the ocean floor. Although his first bathysphere was not very successful, he is building another and he is confident that he can plunge 14,000 ft. (getting on for three miles) as compared with the present record of just over 3,000 feet, into the abysmal blacknesses of the depths, whose icy, inky darkness has been undisturbed since the beginning of time.

The apparatus to be used will be a development of the bathysphere applied by the most eminent undersea scientist of recent years, Dr. William Beebe, professor of the American Natural History Museum's Tropical Research Station. This bathysphere is a spherical steel shell four and three-quarter feet in diameter, which carries two observers and is lowered by steel cable from a ship to a depth of 3,000 feet, where the pressure is over half a ton per square inch.

The descents are no joy trips, for the steel ball is only just large enough to contain two men and a camera. Furthermore, only a squatting position is possible, and the sphere is entered by a manhole which is firmly screwed into position when the interior is occupied. The observers breathe oxygen, their atmosphere is purified and dried by chemical agents; they are in telephonic and electric communication with the vessel above; and a view of the world without is afforded by three windows of fused quartz, three inches thick and eight inches in diameter. These windows give a clearer view than glass and are able to withstand a pressure of many tons

The trained observer, in looking out on the ocean bed, can give at first hand accurate descriptions of hosts of matters which would otherwise be only dimly guessed as the result of hauling up specimens from the ocean floor. Only too frequently, the scientist finds to his chagrin, the specimens taken from below 2,500 feet are damaged beyond identification owing to the sudden relaxation of the enormous pressure to which they are normally subjected.

In order to guard against this peril the empty sphere was lowered before a true dive. After one such test with a window insecurely packed, Dr. Beebe recorded in vivid words what happened when the sphere came up nearly full of water and its door was opened on deck :

"Suddenly, without the slightest warning, the bolt was torn from our hands, and the mass of heavy metal shot across the deck like a shell from a gun. . . . This was followed by a solid cylinder of water, which slackened after a while to a cataract pouring out of the hole in the door, some air mingled with the water looking like hot steam, instead of compressed air shooting through ice-cold water. If I had been in the way I should have been decapitated. . . ." Yet, because of the marvels of deep-sea life, previously unknown to science, the observers in the bathysphere consider every risk well run.

Below 800 feet nothing but a blackish-blueness remains, darkening gradually until at 2,000 feet every trace of light disappears. Therefore, if a fish wants to see or be seen, it has to light itself, which is exactly what it does, and the tentacles attract other fish which are immediately swallowed. The cuttlefish of the abyss carries on its body 22 "globular light organs," two ruby red, two sky blue, one ultramarine, and the rest white or yellow.

One of the most wonderful of all known fish is a species that lives at a depth of about 1,000 fathoms. This creature begins life with its eyes planted on stalks half the length of its body. On reaching maturity and a length of 14 inches the eyes assume a normal position and the fish then develops huge teeth, a barbel, and a row of light organs along its body which make it look like a miniature liner with every porthole illuminated.

Far more of a monster than this is a species of fish that lives at a depth of 2,000 feet and beyond, almost black, equipped with a row of lights, blue in colour, along the sides, and having tail and head lights at the end of long tentacles. The sight of two of these creatures ranks as one of the most exciting of all Dr. Beebe's experiences.

If Dr. Beebe finds those creatures exciting, he should be in for the time of his life if Professor Piccard reaches his goal of 14,000 feet.

Crime Capsules

HALF AND HALF.

Even stern court judges have a sense of humour Early this year in Minneapolis, U.S.A., a motorist pleaded half-guilty to a charge of parking in a prohibited area. It's a fact. He said he was half guilty and half innocent, and explained his plea by saying that only half his car was parked in the non-parking area. Where does the judge's sense of humour come in? His Honour fined him only one dollar, that representing half the usual fine in such cases in that area.

LIGHT LABOUR.

In St. Louis a man was charged with grand larceny. The judge told him he would reduce the charge to petty larceny and send him to the workhouse for a one-year term But the prisoner objected. "Make it grand larceny," he said, "I'd rather go to the pen. I won't have to work so hard there and they have radios and recreation rooms there, too" The judge was accommodating—he sentenced the prisoner to two years in the state penitentiary.

BURGLAR BOOTY.

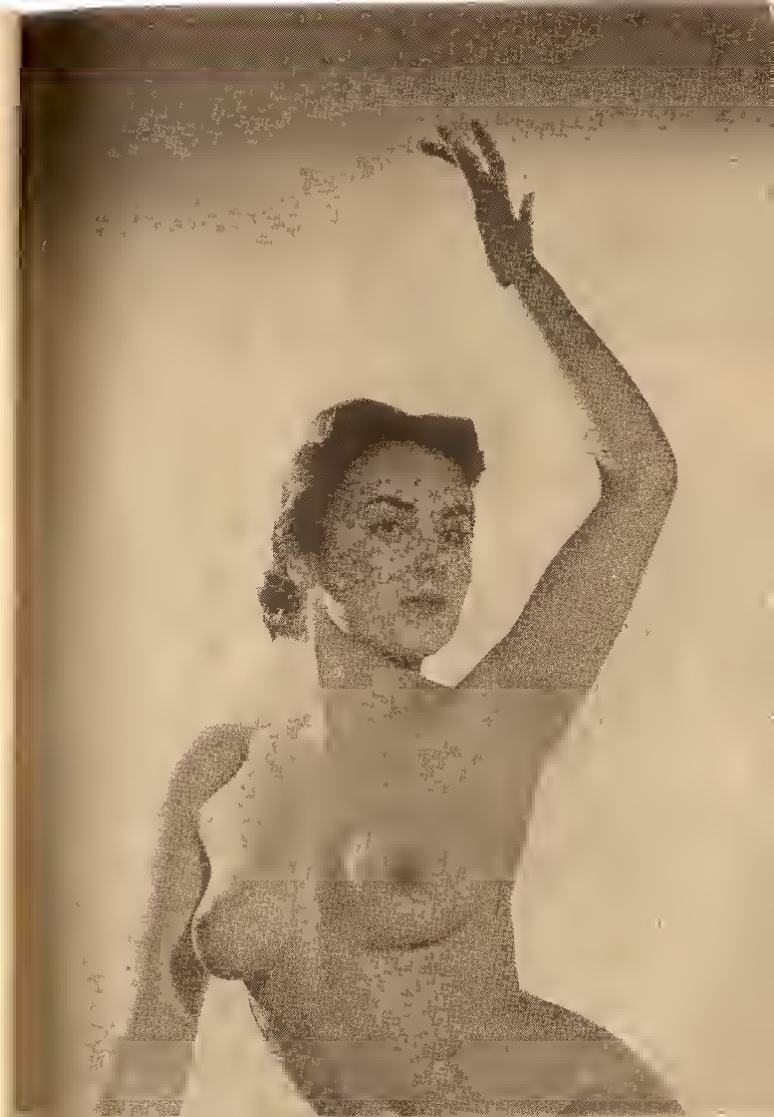
There certainly are some queer characters. In Detroit, a wealthy executive was arrested for burglary. He admitted that he had indulged in this form of law breaking for a period in excess of seven years as a hobby. The proceeds of his combined efforts amounted to about 95,000 dollars, all of which he gave to friends. He averaged a burglary a night, but always had a spell around Christmas time, because "I never wanted to be arrested at Christmas"

TRAIN TICKETS.

In the old days—about the middle of last century and even later—outlaws held up and robbed trams They were called train robbers But two men in U S A last year were really train robbers. They stole two full-sized locomotives so that they could play trams They received thirty days each, and, in the pen, there were no trams

ANTIQUE ANTICS.

Car thefts are prevalent in all countries which have cars Anyone with a nice looking model which will impress women take a chance of losing it to some young fellow who wants to do just that Speedy cars are more often stolen than slower ones because most people like speed Besides, in a chase, a speedy car has more chance of getting away But a strange thing happened in Massachusetts, U S A. From a line-up of cars—speedy, late models and others, a thief stole a 22-year-old jalopy Is nothing sacred?



★ STUDY BY ALAN DUNCAN

THE ATOM BOMB CLUE

J. HARVEY HAGGARD • FICTION

THE PROFESSOR'S THEFT WAS WELL PLANNED. BUT HE FORGOT AN ATOMIC TELL-TALE.

IT didn't take a great deal of courage to put a bullet through Professor Edrick Nelton's head. After all, the little scientist was nothing to look at. Only his bald head, with corrugated lines that encased a powerful brain, gave a suggestion at being stupendous. Very few knew that Professor Nelton was on the verge of creating a new atomic bomb out of radium.

Cadler knew. Of course he knew. He had to being one of the twelve assistants to Professor Nelton. But they were the only ones, out of the whole wide world, who did. It wasn't any thought of betrayal that motivated Cadler's killing of the scientist. Nothing like that. He was just built that way, with a mind firmly convinced in its own way that one man alone could dominate all world governments, if he but had a super-powerful atomic bomb. So he let the grey cells of Professor Nelton's brain ooze gently into outer air through a bullet-hole that neatly intersected the frontal bone and the supercilliary arch.

He took the sample of isotopic radium which was the key to their work, dumped it from its lead container, and caught it deftly in a small flat lead can, shaped like a tobacco tin. This he fitted into his front shirt pocket.

"Damn diplomats!" snorted Sergeant Brade Wesley, his underslung jaw extended belligerently as he looked up from giving the body the once-over where it lay on the laboratory floor. "Half a dozen consuls on their way here now. You'd think by the list of his assistants that he had obtained an atomic expert from every country in the world. No chance to third-degree anybody."

Cadler grinned, fingered secretly at the bulge in his shirt pocket under his coat. His consul had already arrived, and he wouldn't be searched.

THE STRAIGHT LINE

"Honesty is the best policy,"
Is what we are led to believe.
Crime does not pay—so they say—
A fact that is hard to conceive
Take the path that is straight and narrow—
Walk on the law's right side—
But if far more folk took this advice,
The narrow path would be wide.

—AH-EM

"Tough," agreed a sharp-eyed police photographer "Mind if I mug the guys, Sarge?"

Wesley grunted his consent When it was his turn Cadler grinned sardonically into the camera.

"Why, what's this?" suddenly said Wade Norrister, the one assistant of the group who was of American descent. Reaching into his pocket he brought out a cylindrical object several inches in diameter. "Where did I get this? It's—it's the radium!"

"The—what?" demanded Sergeant Wesley

"The radium we were working with," said Wade Norrister, wiping his forehead clear of perspiration. "This is the lead receptacle. Radium gives out radio-active rays and has to be kept in a lead container Guess my absent-mindedness is getting the best of me"

Back in his suite in a luxurious hotel, Cadler's eyes glistened as he withdrew the radium and placed it in a secret panel in the wall

A short time later the telephone rang "Hello," said a crisp voice which he recognized as that belonging to Sergeant Wesley. "Just thought I'd call to see if you were still in town Say, we found a gun on Norrister, all right. Didn't look like it'd been fired though. Wouldn't have done much good if it had. The bullet that went in Professor Nelton's head whizzed around and around inside the skull, destroying all revolver marks As far as identification of the murderer is concerned, ballistics are out"

"Eh, oh thanks, Sergeant Wouldn't be surprised if he's your man, all right You notifying all the others?"

"Sure thing, Professor Cadler Just thought I'd call. Your consul, as well as several representing the various assistants from other countries, has requested diplomatic immunity."

"Naturally," said Cadler "Naturally But that's just red tape as far as I'm concerned. I'll help you any way I can."

"Thank you," said Sergeant Wesley. Then, as if with an afterthought, "By the way, the lead container in Norrister's pocket didn't contain the radium. He had quite a story to tell about this particular type of radium Reacted differently than any other he had ever observed Its potential properties for releasing atomic power made it precious beyond estimation"

Cadler smiled The Sergeant would never discover how he had slipped the empty radium receptacle into Norrister's pocket while his coat was lying on the table And he'd never find the murder weapon Even the metal of a revolver can melt in an atom furnace. And there weren't any fingerprints on atoms That was one weapon that could never be reassembled.

The next day Cadler exchanged cablegrams with certain parties in his home country. He called Sergeant Wesley up this time

"Sorry, Sergeant, but it's home business," he said, "and there's no way I could explain without divulging information that might be detrimental."

"Okay," growled Sergeant Wesley "It was the same way with seven others of the scientists who were helping Professor Nelton. Well, no way to stop you, I guess"

He came down to the gangway when Cadler's ship left. Attendants took Professor Cadler's light luggage ahead to be checked. Sergeant Wesley put his hand on Cadler's shoulder, like an old friend begrudging the departure of a dear one.

"One minute, Professor," he said.

Cadler frowned. There was a thin hatchet-faced fellow with the sergeant Keen grey eyes were darting about Cadler's body, and now fastened upon a decoration pinned to his coat lapel.

"What's that?" demanded Sergeant Wesley, pointing

"That," answered Professor Cadler boredly, "is a national award for achievement in electronics Always wear it."

"Could this be a photograph of it?" demanded Sergeant Wesley, taking a picture from the thin fellow Cadler now recognised as the police photographer of the day before

Cadler frowned, looked down at the crazily smudged photo. Yes, in the radiant crisscrossing lines he recognised the basic outlines of his science medallion

"What's this, anyway?"

"Just a little picture Fields didn't take."

"I've no time for levity," said Cadler 'Out of curiosity though, how did that picture of Wade Norrister at the investigation turn out?"

"All right," said Sergeant Wesley. "Perfect likeness. Your picture wasn't so good though. Funny thing. Fields is a good photographer. All the other pictures came out fine. Except yours It was an absolute blank from overexposure."

"Is that right?" demanded Professor Cadler, suddenly feeling a chill sensation stealing up into his heart.

"Right," said Sergeant Wesley, "Well, we won't be able to tell you goodbye, Professor Cadler. You see, after we communicated our facts and showed this picture to the ministers of your country, they agreed you should be tried in a world court, not an ordinary one.

"Professor Cadler, your picture wasn't any good because radioactive rays of radium will print images on film, just like light rays. And the radium rays in your pocket, escaping through thin walls of lead, plus natural lighting, overexposed it. The next blank film that rolled around happened to be exposed just right The invisible rays went right up out of your front pocket, around and through your science medallion, through the walls and lens of the camera, and in a quick moment caused an accidental exposure.

"I am hereby placing you under arrest for suspicion of murder and theft of the radium, pending arrival of more suitable agents of the United Nations You don't need to tell me where the radium is if you don't want to. We've ways of locating it conveniently anyhow. So if you'll just bother to postpone that little trip to your native country we'll see that you have a long stay somewhere with complete rest and quiet. Very complete, and very quiet"

a cup of coffee

HE HAD WILD EYES THAT MADE HER SHIVER. SHE THOUGHT HE LOOKED QUEER — AND SHE WAS RIGHT.

GENE JANES • FICTION

THE cafe was empty. Outside the neon sign flicked on and off, glowing red on the wet pavements: HAMBURGERS—GRILLS HAMBURGERS—GRILLS. Doris stood in the window behind the hotplate, watching the sign reflected in the dark windows of the sports store across the street. It was nearly half past ten. The door of the cafe opened and a man came in; he walked across to the high counter, straddled a stool.

"What would you like?" Doris asked him.

"Coffee, just coffee."

"Nothing to eat?"

"Just coffee."

Doris drew a cup of coffee from the big urn attached to the wall, placed it on the counter in front of the man with a small jar of milk and a bowl of sugar. The man put two heaped spoonfuls of sugar into the coffee and a little milk, he stirred the coffee.

"Lousy night." He spoke softly, staring down at the coffee.

"All right for ducks."

"Yeah."

Doris looked at him; he was a big man with wild black eyes in a tight brown face. He wore a crumpled dark grey suit and a black felt hat, pulled well down over his eyes. He looked a bit queer, Doris thought.

"You're quiet tonight, huh?"

"Yeah, George is at the club, an' it's wet, y'know how it is when it's wet, nobody goes out much."

"Who's George?" asked the man.

"George Paraskeva, he owns the place."

"Greek?"

"Yeah, ain't they all?"

The big man nodded, began sipping the coffee, staring at Doris over the rim of the cup. He gave her the creeps staring like that, he was queer all right. Doris began wiping the counter, moving away up towards the window.

"You don't have to be scared of me girlie."

Doris started, stared at him — into the wide, wild looking eyes.

"Who's scared? You nuts or something?"

"You don't have to be, I'm on the

One evening a young woman, holding a clandestine meeting with a lover, was terrified to hear her husband's footsteps on the stairs. The young man immediately took refuge under the bed, hoping to escape during the night while the husband slept. However, the husband proved to be a light sleeper and the lover had to remain in his position under the bed all night. In the morning the maid brought a tray of tea to the married couple. The husband took it, leaned over the edge of the bed and remarked to the chap underneath: "I say, old man, do you take sugar?"

side of law and order," he went on.

"Cop?"

"Maybe."

He put the cup down carefully, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Why'd you want to know girlie?"

"I don't want to know; you started telling me."

"Why'd you want to know if I was a cop, you got something to hide?"

Doris stared at him, he was crazy.

"I don't want to know," she said. "I don't give a damn what you are."

"You don't huh, you don't like cops, you think they're all standover men, you think because a guy's a cop he's no good, that what you think girlie?"

Doris began moving away towards the door, holding her breath, feeling tiny fluttering fingers of fear on her spine.

"You want to watch your mouth; you could get into a lot of trouble talking like that about cops."

"What way? I didn't talk anyway about cops. You've been doing all the talking. What's the matter with you?"

"Watch it girlie, I know your kind, watch it."

Doris felt her scalp tighten, her thigh muscles begin to quiver. She wished George would come back or another customer come into the cafe.

The big man suddenly relaxed, began laughing.

"Give me another coffee girlie."

Doris kept moving towards the door.

"Come on, I was only kidding, I'm no cop, come on an' give me a coffee."

"What you think you're playing at mister, you think you're a comedian?"

"Just a laugh girlie, you hafta have laughs or you go crazy."

Doris reached for his cup, filled it.

"Thanks, you're not mad at me are you?"

He was grinning up at her; he had nice teeth and lips.

"You put on a funny sort of act."

"Had you fooled though didn't I, you didn't know who I was did you?"

Doris shook her head.

"Did you know, honestly? You didn't know, couldn't figure who the hell I was. Tell me, now, did you?"

"No, I thought you were nuts or something."

The big man grinned, took a swallow of coffee and grinned again.

"You know who I really am?"

Doris shook her head.

"Would you like to know who I really am? Would you?"

Doris shrugged nervously, managed a tight smile. "Who are you?" she asked softly.

What is wrong with this fellow, she wondered. I do wish George would come back. This bloke gives me the creeps.

Doris had the shakes. Butterflies were fluttering in her stomach, but she tried not to show her feelings. If he is really mad, she thought, it will be better if I keep my head. I might need it.

Her thoughts were interrupted. He was answering her question. She tried to show attentiveness. His words were reassuring but they did not altogether allay her fears. He still had that look about him. She hoped he would not become abusive—or worse.

"I'm only telling you this to put you at ease after the fright I gave you, you understand."

He looked all around the cafe, peered out through the open door at the slickly wet street. There was nobody in sight. "I'm Mike Sellar girlie. Michael Sellar of the Australian Secret Service. I'm on my way to see the P.M. in Canberra, travelling incognito."

He reached for his cup, drained it.

"Okay, not scared anymore?"

He was as silly as a snake. Doris stared at him, his hands were calloused and his shirt was of grey cotton, like the shirts the inmates of government institutions wore.

"You know where I've just been girlie—Korea. I was on a secret government mission to find out why we weren't winning the war. I even had to go behind the Red lines to complete my report on enemy equipment and manpower."

"Must be interesting and exciting work."

"It is, it is. Of course I speak Chinese like a native, my father was Irish Ambassador to China for six years; I spent my boyhood in China. I've been around girlie, I've been around."

He winked broadly, slapped the counter with his palm.

"Yeah, it must be nice." Doris smiled thinly, she didn't know what to say.

"Nice! That all you call it? I'm keeping your country safe, I'm guarding you, I risk my life every day, and you call it 'nice' . . . Hell!"

Doris smoothed at her hair nervously, began to walk around from behind the counter.

"Where you going girlie?" He was standing, moving towards her; in his right hand was a dull black automatic.

"Where you going?" he repeated. "Where the hell d'you think you're going?"

"Just outside for a minute. I've got a headache; it's too hot in here."

"What's your name girlie?"

"Doris."

"Just Doris?"

"Doris Campbell."

"Okay Doris, pour me another cup of coffee."

He motioned with the automatic towards the coffee urn, walked over and closed the door. He did not lock it or pull the blue linen blind. Doris went back behind the counter and filled his cup from the urn. Her hand was shaking so badly she slopped coffee over into the saucer. She got a clean saucer from a stack beneath the counter, but she could not stop her hand from shaking and spilled coffee into the clean saucer too. The man watched her, grinning.

"It's not polite to walk out on a party when they're talking Doris, especially when the party concerned is a Secret Service man. I was telling you about Korea, about our boys losing their lives up there, losing their limbs, their health, their sanity. But you aren't interested in them are you or me, or anything?"

Where was George? Where were the police? Why didn't somebody come into the cafe?

"So like I was telling you, because I spoke the language and was big and tough, the P M requested Canberra to send me on this Korean Mission I been up there a year working on my report, it had to be very accurate you see. A year! You just can't imagine it Doris, nobody can imagine how it is, all the noise and the action and the pain . . . . PWOW-PWOW-PWOW . . . BOOM BOOM . . . PWOW . . RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT . . . . "

He ducked behind the stool, pointing his automatic at the tables and chairs in the cafe.

"PWOW—BOOM BOOM—PWOW!"

He suddenly dived headlong, cradled his head in his arms, screaming obscenely. Doris stared at him lying on the butt-littered floor, shouting, hunching his body, dodging the imaginary bullets He was mad, stark staring raving mad.

Outside the rain slammed against the window, streaming down in tiny twisting rivulets, making the glass opaque. Why didn't George come back? Why didn't someone come in?

The big man suddenly scrambled to his feet, his face composed He walked back to the counter, brushing his clothes as he walked; he slipped the automatic into the side pocket of his jacket.

"How about a cup of coffee?"

Doris stared down at the full cup in front of him.

"Yeah, sure." she said. "Right away."

She filled a cup from the urn, placed it beside the full cup. The man sipped it slowly.

"Quiet tonight, huh?"

Doris nodded, her stomach a tight ball of contracted muscle.

"George the Greek's a long time at the club. Which club's he at?"

"The Greek Club"

"There's a lot of Greek Clubs in Sydney, which one?"

"In—in Castlereagh Street I think . . . or is it Elizabeth Street?"

"You're telling me, don't you know?"

"I—I . . . "

Doris brushed at her lank blonde hair, feeling her thighs throbbing like two giant pulses.

He was staring at her, grinning again. "What do you think this is all about Doris?"

"I—I don't know."

"You don't know huh, you can't even imagine can you? You know why you don't know—can't imagine?"

Doris shook her head, watching the door from the corner of her eye.

"Because you're dumb. Dumb Doris the washed-out blonde."

He was grinning again, crazy eyes shining in the harsh light of the naked electric light bulb hanging from the ceiling.

"You'll always be a waitress-cum-cook-cum-bottlewasher in a crumby hamburger joint; you're not bright enough to do anything else . . . Still, I suppose we can't all be Secret Service Operators."

He laughed, took a swallow of coffee. He winked broadly at Doris, and then his face slipped back into its mask of composure He twisted, staring at the door. The door opened and a slim youth entered, slamming his hat against his knee, his trenchcoat dripping water, forming tiny pools at his feet

"Some night!"

Neither Doris nor the man answered. The youth walked over to the counter, perched on a stool. He was young, maybe nineteen—twenty, he had a long bony face and soft fair hair hanging loose over his forehead, wet from the rain He picked up a menu, glanced quickly down at it; his face was flushed as if he sensed the tense atmosphere of the cafe. Outside, through the open door, George Street twinkled with the reflections of neon signs and overhead street lamps. A cold draught came into the cafe from the street.

"You born in a field?" The big man asked

The youth looked up startled, shook his head

"Well close the door after you."

"Who do you think you're talking to? Who do you think you are?"

"You closin' the door?" the big man asked. 'You going to close the door?"

The youth looked at him for a minute, his mouth tight-shut. "You don't have to be like that, can't you ask a person decently?"

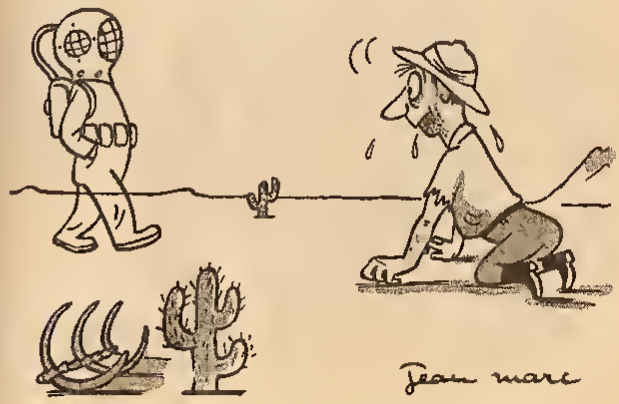
"Shut the door!"

The youth picked up his hat from the counter, walked towards the door He walked out of the cafe quickly. When he was outside in George Street he began to run.

"Blast him! I'll show him!"

The big man ran out after him, slamming the door. Doris ran across to the door of the cafe, slipped home the bolt, then she went out to the back of the cafe, and did the same to the back door. She ran upstairs to the phone and rang the police

While she was screaming it all out to the duty sergeant, she heard the



ABSENCE MAKES THE MIND GROW DIMMER

In tha nota book of a man
With a memory so bad
Were addresses of people
Whosa names he had.

He decided to check them,
one by one;
He wrota tham all letters—
every one:

"Do you know me?" Please
tell me, do—
Should I hava dona somathing
for you?"

One raply stated: "You al-
ready have—and
I should know. I'm your
wife's first husband."

—AH-EM

sound of gunfire outside in the street, two—three—four shots, one after the other. She heard a woman scream and the screech of braked traffic. She dropped the phone, ran to the window. There was a big crowd further up George Street towards the Railway, three or four trams had stopped and a lot of cars

People were shouting and screaming. She leaned further out of the window. Then she saw the big man, he was running back down towards the cafe; there were two policemen running after him Doris saw him stop, turn, fire at one of the policemen. The policemen stopped too, they both fired together and Doris saw the big man drop screaming to the wet pavement, writhing, clutching his belly.

The two policeman stood staring down at him and the crowd surged in behind them, enclosing the man on the ground on all four sides Doris went back downstairs into the cafe. Someone was hammering the door. She opened the door and George stood there, his face grey, slack.

"Where you been?" Doris asked "Where the hell you been?"

He stared at her, his mouth drooping. Doris saw his gold teeth gleaming in the harsh light.

"Whatsa shooting? Doris? What goes on?"

He gestured helplessly with his bejewelled hands

"I just had a maniac in here that's what, a big madman shooting up everybody. Go on an' look at him, over there on the pavement. Go on an' look at him now it's all over."

Doris waved towards the crowd George looked at her nervously, moved over towards the crowd. Doris went back inside the cafe, slumped in a chair behind the counter. What a night! Dear Mother, what a hell of a night!

The quivering in her thighs was moving up through her body as the reaction set in. Doris gritted her teeth, closed her eyes, feeling the trembling reach out and take control of her hands. From outside came the hum of the crowd, and from further uptown the wail of an ambulance siren.

"Coffee, please, nothing to eat, just coffee."

Doris looked up, a big cop stood there, smiling slightly.

"What you say, mister?"

"Coffee." The cop repeated, "No food, just coffee."

"Get out!" Doris screamed "Get out of the cafe Get out! Get out! GET OUT!"

"O'Malley leads with a right . . . the Champ. is groggy . . . O'Malley leads with a left . . . the Champ. is down . . ."

Battle of the BEACHES

REFEREED BY GIBSON

The ladies opened the attack with a very neat bit of anklet work . . .

Quickly recovering from the blow . . man set them right back on their bustles with a dazzling piece of neck-to-knee business . . .

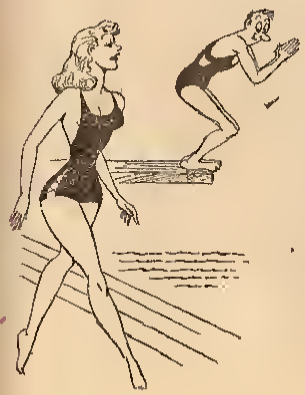
Slightly dazed the ladies clinched and played man at his own game but the male side-stepped with a snazzy "Canadian Two-piece" job . . .

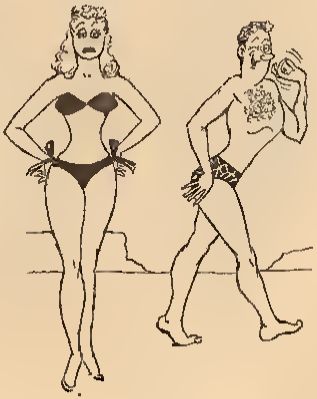
In round 1920 he opened with a sloshing attack on the armholes and neckline . . . she dealt a snappy come-back with a retreat to the buttons and bows . . .

Late in round 1930 the sexes warily sparred with quick sloshes to the midriff . . .

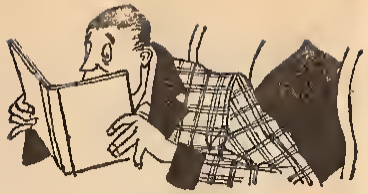
Not to be outdone man went all glamorous in a snappy athletic singlet-black trunks ensemble . .

1953 . . man with a startling show of form seems to have the little ladies slightly dazed . . .
(Whistles . . . cheers and sounds of encouragement to the ladies from the boys in the bleachers.)





STRANGER and Stranger



LIGHTS OUT.

How often have you switched off the light, walked out of the room—or climbed into bed—and bashed your shin against a piece of furniture? It happens every night Now some bright spark has come to light with a delayed-action switch. When you flick the switch to "off" the light remains on for a minute, giving you time to negotiate that chair Of course, until you get used to it, you may be standing switching the damn thing on and off until you suddenly realise it is a delayed-action affair

COMBAT CAMERA.

A new camera is in use on active service. It can shoot pictures as fast as the shutter can be operated Fully loaded and with a four-inch lens, it weighs five and a half pounds, which is much less than previous combat cameras. Up to fifty 2¼ by 2¾ inch exposures can be made on a roll of 70 mm. film. A built-in knife slices off the exposures needed if the users do not want to wait until the entire roll of film is used. The film advances automatically and a photographer, shooting at 1/500 seconds, the camera's maximum speed, can make ten pictures in five seconds. A counter turns each time the shutter is clicked and a red flag pops into the view-finder peephole when no film is left. For following rapid action, the camera has a focusing scale, a depth-of-field scale and a sports-type view-finder. Let us take some pictures

SWEET SMOKING.

It was not until a cigarette manufacturer began adding about ten per cent sugar to tobacco that cigarettes really became popular. In curing tobacco, almost all the natural sugar in the leaf is removed Sugar in tobacco enhances moisture and serves as combustible material. In the process it blends proteins and chemicals in tobacco as they burn, so that a mild and pleasant smoke can be drawn into the mouth.

AIRY EXISTENCE.

In these days of high prices, eating becomes expensive, but there is a girl named Dhanalakshmi, in Marcara, in South India, who has lived on air for the past few months. She is not ill, nor has she lost any weight. In fact, she is very happy and does all the housework for her family, including the cooking of their meals Justice A. S. P. Ayyar, of Madras High Court, was intrigued by the report about Dhanalakshmi, so he investigated. He was amazed to find that the report was true—who wouldn't be? However, he issued an official report stating: "The girl is an unique example of vayu karshana (living on air) known only to our sages and described in ancient Hindu books. This case is a challenge to science." He is not kidding. We would like to find the secret.

"Something I can do for —— oops! How silly of me."

The Flying Mermaid

EFT. There is money in modelling top models, and this maid is the top flight. Hence she is taking a plane trip for a short holiday. It's only the week end she is taking off, but, to remain beautiful, girls have to have relaxa on, so our lovely is going to a ke for sunshine and swimming he is waving good bye, but not us—we'll be seeing more of her

RIGHT. We motored down to the lake and saw our modelling mer maid just about to enter the water By the look of her costume she took If more than the week end—and ow she really is a mermaid. She smilingly asked us to come for a swim, but we forgot our costume —and our tail. You can't catch a mermaid without a tail, so we had to wait until she came out.

This girl sure likes swimming. She did not leave the lake until nightfall. She removed her tail, then took off the bottom part of her costume, wrung it out and smiled when she saw us still waiting. She invited us to take her home—in a plane. We felt quite up in the air about it. But we like flying high. Besides, she can't get out and walk from a plane.

pointers to better health

CANCER CURE.

Roosevelt Hospital, in New York, has a new machine which is used in the treatment of cancer. It is a large unit suspended from the ceiling and from it comes two beams from radium capsules. These are trained on the affected spot on the patient. The capsules are in a ring in a mercury-filled core of the beam projector. When the ring is raised 13 inches to the upper limit of its bath, mercury absorbs radiation and doctors can enter the room without receiving radiation. A safety device prevents the radium becoming effective until everyone except the patient has left the room. Such concentrated beams prevent the patient suffering from radium burns on the skin surrounding the cancerous area. During treatment the patient is under continuous surveillance through a plate-glass water-filled tank two feet thick. The focal point of the rays for deep-seated tumours is about four inches below the skin surface.

PAINLESS OPERATIONS.

A new drug, efocaine, has been produced which deadens pain after operations for as long as 20 days. Crookes' laboratories, near London, is manufacturing the drug in large quantities. Efocaine is injected into a patient after anaesthesia preceding an operation. When the patient regains consciousness, there is no pain from the wounds. Feeling does not return until from eight to 20 days. Unfortunately efocaine is not, as yet, suitable for all operations. Efocaine has no healing qualities nor is it harmful in any way, but as a pain destroyer, it is invaluable. With such a drug in use, many people will forget fear that keeps them from seeking necessary surgical aid.

T.B. OR NOT T.B.

Giving INH (isonicotinic acid hydrazide) to patients in combination with streptomycin may prevent tuberculosis germs from developing an immunity to the new drug, according to a report to the American Chemical Society. INH is the newest anti-TB drug in the fight against this dread disease. Dramatic improvements have been noted. However, test tube studies have shown that germs develop a resistance to the drug in its present development. But it is expected that a properly proportioned dose of INH and streptomycin will wipe out germs before they can build up a resistance to both drugs. Scientists say it is only a matter of time.

a FARR better fighter

Tommy Farr thought he could beat Joe Louis. He did not conquer Joe but he conquered the hearts of the U.S. public.

RAY MITCHELL

"GET me Tommy Farr," ordered Mike Jacobs, U S A 's promotional czar, "and to hell with the cost. He fights Joe Louis in August"

Mike's lawyer, to whom this order was given, did not argue, but immediately packed and left for England post haste He did not stay long—he returned with the British Empire heavyweight champion and the bout was set for August 30. The year was 1937.

For Farr the signing for a world title bout was the culmination of a long struggle for recognition. Tommy was elated, but his friends and admirers were worried "Tommy is a good boy, but the great Joe Louis! No, Tommy is not ready."

U.S.A. checked up on Farr's record —and laughed. "Another horizontal champion from Britain! How can this cream-puffer, who has lost a dozen fights and who has scored only seventeen knockouts in seventy-eight contests, expect to last more than a round with the mighty Brown Bomber? Farr will end up the same way as all the other British heavyweights—on his back!"

But while one country worried over Farr's fate and another jeered at his lack of ability, one man was unconcernedly training hard That man was Tommy Farr, the Welsh miner, who, alone in all the world thought Farr would beat Louis—and openly said so!

Actually the unwilling agent instrumental in securing for Jacobs the fistic plum of the year—the Louis-Farr fight — was Sydney Hulls, the British promoter. And the story goes back a little way—over twelve months—to the night when the German, Max Schmeling, knocked out the young Negro regarded as Superman—Joe Louis.

Jimmy Braddock was world champion at the time and Louis was being groomed as his successor. But, when Schmeling upset the applecart the New York Athletic Commission ordered Braddock to defend his title against the German.

Then occurred one of the most fantastic events in recent years. Jacobs, in defiance of the N.Y. Commission stepped in and offered Braddock a large sum to fight Louis. When the time arrived for Braddock to battle Schmeling, Jim pleaded a disability Max weighed in, but the contest did not take place and Schmeling returned to Germany.

Louis K O 'd Braddock and won the title, but England, who never did like the way U.S.A. conducts its boxing, announced that Schmeling had won the crown by default and Sydney Hulls matched the German with Farr for a title fight

And here Jacobs stepped in. He reasoned "If Schmeling wins, which he probably will, he will keep the title in Germany. Similarly, if Max comes to America and beats Louis again, he will return to Germany—and I want the champion here So I'll get Farr to come over He won't beat Louis and Joe will quieten the British after he licks their champion."

While Jacobs' lawyer was in England, Jacobs looked over Farr's history. "Born in Wales, March, 1914—same year as Louis. One of eight kids. Hm Hard life. Orphaned when young. Became a miner. Had first professional fight at age of twelve. Just thirteen years of age when he began boxing ten-rounders."

Jacobs looked up "This kid sounds as though he could be tough. But can he fight?"

Mike went on reading: "Joined a boxing troupe at fourteen. Fought in stadiums around Wales for the next few years, winning sometimes and losing sometimes. Won Welsh light-heavy title at nineteen. Lost to Eddie Phillips, Jack Casey, Charlie Belanger and Dave Carstens."

Jacobs paused again: "Hardly a guy to set the world on fire."

"Tommy Loughran and Bob Olin, two ex-world light heavy champions, beaten by Farr—hm, getting better. Still those two are over the hill—on the way out.

"Won Welsh heavy title in 1936—nothing to write home about," mused Jacobs. "Won British Empire title from Ben Foord."

From here Farr's record added lustre He outpointed Max Baer in London "That clown never trains," said Mike. "Probably clowned through the fight Still, Farr kept his feet, so he must be tough. With all his fooling Baer can hit like the kick of a mule."

Jacobs picked up the 'phone, pressed a buzzer in his office and in a matter of moments he was giving publicity over the 'phone and doing the same thing in person to his staff Things began to move Reams of print were issued on Tommy Farr.

The publicity accorded Farr and the magnetic appeal of Joe Louis drew 32,000 fans to the Yankee Stadium, New York Three hundred newspaper reporters were there to record the contest and, of these, only one expected the bout to go the full fifteen rounds. Louis was five to one on in the betting with practically no

takers—and those who backed Farr only did so because of the odds offered or, in the case of fans from Great Britain, from sentimental reasons

But a great shock awaited the fans who bet on a quick knockout. After a quiet first round in which both men boxed cautiously, Louis turned on the pace a little in the second stanza and found Farr ready to fight. In fact, near the end of that round, Tommy was on the offensive

The crowd seemed surprised, but waited patiently for Louis to stop "carrying" Farr

By the end of the fourth round, the crowd was becoming impatient. Action came in the fifth round. Farr scored with two solid rights to the head which stung Louis. Joe drove Farr to the ropes, where he bombarded the Welshman with every dynamic punch in his kit. Farr stood there taking everything and fans reached for their hats. But Tommy suddenly stormed back and drove the champion to the other side of the ring. The crowd swung its favours to Farr

From then on Farr attacked determinedly and incessantly. Repeatedly the wave of his attacks forced Louis back, but Joe was scoring with counter-blows on the backmove and he was landing more solid, clean blows than the challenger, a fact unnoticed by a large section of the crowd, who had been blinded by the courageous display of the Empire Champion.

Ten seconds before the bell sounded for the last round, Farr stood up and impatiently tapped his gloves together. Then he moved to ring centre a second before the bell rang Tommy made a determined effort to knock out Joe. He stormed in with everything he had. Joe resorted to long range boxing, but Farr would not be denied. He fought all over Louis in this last round and the crowd went wild. Men and women stood on chairs and screamed for Farr to knock out Louis, their idol, whom they had expected would knock out Farr early in the fight

The contest was over, the judges' and referee's scorecards were collected, and the announcement was made over the amplifiers — "The winner, and still heavyweight champion of the world—Joe Louis."

A storm of hooting broke out. Undoubtedly Louis had won it, but the crowd's sympathies had swayed its judgment. Louis received the verdict, but Farr won the moral victory not only for himself, but for British boxing

Jacobs wasted no time in signing up Farr for another fight Jim Braddock furnished the opposition, but again Tommy lost on points But he gained more friends and fans turned out in their thousands to see Farr battle Max Baer. But Maxie this time, was fighting with the object of regaining his world title and he beat Farr convincingly, knocking him down twice in the process

Farr became a trial horse for American boxers. He lost to Lou Nova and Red Burman. Five fights for five losses was Farr's tally in U.S.A., but he was the most popular loser who ever fought, and upon his return to England, he was hailed as a king Judging by his reception, one would think he had won the world title, instead of being a five-time loser

Tommy Farr only fought three more times before retiring. He won those three—in England—and among his victims was Red Burman. He joined the R.A.F. at the outbreak of war, from which he was later discharged due to eye trouble

Farr made a good deal of money out of boxing and invested a lot of it in Welsh real estate He lived in a large and expensive home which required a gardener and three house servants to run He opened a bar in Brighton, sold it and opened a cafe

He also secured a bookmaker's licence. He stood, unsuccessfully for Brighton Town Council. Married, with three children, Tommy Farr was respected and regarded as a rich man He decided to emigrate to Australia, but changed his mind

Then, like a thunderbolt, came the news that Farr was bankrupt. This was followed by an announcement that he had applied to the British Boxing Board of Control for a licence to box again.

So, after a ten years absence from the ring, Tommy Farr made a comeback. He knocked out Jan Klein in six rounds By a strange co-incidence Joe Louis had his first comeback fight the same night, and as soon as Tommy won his bout he sent a cable to Louis which read "I've just won my comeback fight. Hope you win yours"

But Louis did not win his. He was outpointed by Ezzard Charles.

Farr continued to box end up to December, 1951, he had taken part in ten comeback fights, three of which he lost, including one which ended in the second round—the first time in twenty-five years that Farr had been stopped. But among those ten fights, Tommy annexed the Welsh heavyweight title by knocking out Dennis Powell in six rounds—not a bad effort for a thirty-seven year old who had had a ten year's spell from boxing!

And since then Tommy has proved that he is still one of the best heavyweights in the British Empire

the QUEEN who killed her LOVER

D. K. LANE

Queen Christina cast aside her lovers after her passions had been sated But she sentenced her favourite to death.

QUEEN CHRISTINA of Sweden was at once the victim of a father's love and a mother's hatred. When she was born, in 1626, her body was covered in hair, so that she was at first thought to be a man-child. Her father, Gustavus Adolphus, was nonetheless tolerant when told that the heir to his throne was a girl

"Let us thank God," he said. "I hope this girl will be as good as a boy to me May God preserve her now that He has sent her. And she will be clever, for she has taken us all in."

The baby Christina was indeed as good as a boy to Gustavus They were inseperable, and he taught her boylike crafts. Even as a baby, she was never spared the possible terror attendant on the firing of a Royal Salute, and, in fact, the king insisted that the honour be carried out whenever he took her to visit his fortresses

However, her mother, Queen Maria, had a psycopathic dislike for her daughter—even, it was rumoured, to the degree of trying to kill the baby. Due to carelessness on the mother's part, a heavy object once fell on her, with the result that till her last day, one shoulder drooped lower than the other.

Christina's childhood was brief, for she was only six when the death of her father in battle placed upon her head the crown of Sweden. An intelligent child, she was quick to recognise her destiny, and her advance in statecraft was so swift that at eighteen, she was ready to undertake the government of her country.

The people wanted her—not merely because they wished her to marry and secure the royal line, but because they loved her There was nothing of the puppet ruler about Christina, for she defied her advisers by bringing to an end the war which Sweden had been fighting for 30 years Sweden, she said, had won territory; now, it must establish itself in commerce, and in peace consolidate itself among the great nations.

Earning the world's respect for her simplicity and intellectualism, she was, at 22, attempting also to bring to Sweden a culture that had been stultified by many years of war.

To her court came the world's most famous pedants, artists and statesmen; her galleries were filled with priceless paintings, statues and antiques; and in this altruistic attempt to bring culture and enlightenment to her people, a new Christina was born: a sybaritic woman to whom her subjects were to become a negligible factor in her self-satisfaction.

She had never been beautiful, and rarely feminine. Her face indicated character, but it was that of a woman who had cared not at all for the subtleties of female wiles and desires Often, she had gone for days in a man's clothing.

But now, under the influences of the scheming Continentals who frequented her court, her dormant passions surfaced. It is said that for her first lover she took a French physician, Bourdaiot, but there might have been many to dispute that honour

The end was inevitable. Scorning marriage herself, she nevertheless realised that Sweden must have an heir to the throne. So, at 28, she abdicated in favour of her cousin.

Then she entered upon her self-imposed exile. With an assured income and an entourage of nobles ready to give their loyalty to her alone, Christina went to Germany, to Brussels, to Rome.

In this latter city, she surrendered completely to her newly-found love of sumptuous living Here, too, she discovered the Marquis Monaldeschi.

Christina truly believed that in the Marquis she had found her affinity. As the price of her quitting the throne, she had demanded that she retain her sovereign rights, and that all who accompanied her henceforward should be subject to her absolute power. None must leave her court without her permission and her dictates must be obeyed without question.

Monaldeschi, at first certain of the queen's faithfulness, willingly pledged his loyalty. Strangely fascinated by her as a woman—and, no doubt, more than a little attracted by the power she wielded, he surrendered to her the power of life and death And, in return, she gave him a fidelity that surprised and pleased her subjects.

For a time, his influence was great, for he had mastered the intense passions that had made her actions unpredictable. She became less moody, less cold, and less cruel.

But with time, his influence over her weakened. She became quarrelsome and vindictive. Welcomed by the Pope, she had been lodged in a magnificent palace, and accepted conversion—a circumstance that affronted

the Swedes to the degree that her revenues came to her more slowly and made a return to Sweden impossible.

Now, however, she quarrelled with cardinals who sought to restrain her sybaritic activities, quarrelled, too, with the Marquis, who had become suspicious at last of her personal loyalties.

Realising that Christina's affections were transient, he sought to monopolise her time and even accompanied her to France when she went to visit Louis XIV. His supervision served no purpose, for within a short time, Christina had found another lover—the captain of her guard, a man named Sentanelli.

The marquis, his vanity humbled, sought revenge—or, perhaps, a means of ending the affair between his mistress and Sentanelli—by distributing insulting letters about Christina; not, however, under his own name, or even anonymously, but in the forged hand of his rival.

One evening, Father Le Bel, her chaplain was called to Christina's presence in a gloomy part of the French king's palace at Fontainebleau. He was ordered to bring a packet which she had previously given to him.

He found Christina and Monaldeschi together. With them were soldiers of the guard. And there, she taxed the Marquis with his treachery, and showed him the letters she had entrusted to Father Le Bel . . . the letters which he had himself written. She climaxed the denouement by telling the marquis that he must prepare for death.

She left, and the marquis beseeched the guard for mercy, pleading so fervently that their leader left to request clemency. He returned with the answer that the marquis must die.

Within minutes the sentence had been carried out. Christina displayed no emotion.

When the story of the marquis's end was learned, his death was said to have come at the hands of Sentanelli, that the guard captain had stabbed him in jealousy. Louis would have liked to have believed the theory, but subsequent stories made that impossible. Finally, he told Christina that she must leave the palace.

She did—but with the pomp of a monarch; she marched out with her retinue, defiant and upright.

With the years the ambition to rule a country returned. When her cousin died without producing the heir whose wished-for birth had gained him Sweden's crown, Christina asked that she be re-crowned queen. The nation, heedful of the manner in which she had lived while in exile, repulsed her and, in fact, reduced her income. So, a queen without a country but possessing sovereign rights over her own court, she went back to Italy. There she tried to enlarge her court by accepting into it criminals who sought to escape justice, and consequently brought further disrepute upon herself.

When her activities were brought to the notice of the pontiff, he replied merely: "She is a woman."

That fact, perhaps, was the most destructive agent of the simplicity and strength she had shown in youth.

For born a man, the heir to Sweden's throne would probably have known a mother's love and not have been forced by her father to have forgotten that a woman can afford to possess frail sensitiveness.

But . . . she was born a woman—and she died in exile. And only romance and Hollywood have pictured her as being sacrificed.

"I let my guard down when I saw his good conduct ribbons."

Saucy Sirens of the Silver Screen

QUEEN of all the film sirens was Gloria Swanson. She began as a bathing belle in Mack Sennett comedies, graduated to the most successful vamp of the 1920's in deathless epics such as "Don't Change Your Husband," "Why Change Your Wife" and "Male and Female," and was able to make a comeback in her 50's playing the ageing has-been in "Sunset Boulevard."

She had five husbands, including one with a genuine title, and in her heyday, in the classic tradition of Hollywood, managed to spend more than her salary of 20,000 dollars a week.

When she travelled she engaged whole floors of hotels for her swarming servants, secretaries, companions and friends. When she entertained, she invited 200 or more guests, presenting the women with gold compacts and the men with diamond studded cigarette cases

Born in 1898, she got her start in pictures at 15 as an extra for the Essanay Studios in Chicago.

At 18, Gloria Swanson left for Hollywood—on the trail of Wallace Beery, whom she married a few weeks later.

Their marriage, however, lasted only three weeks

Gloria went on making films. In 1918 she went to Paramount, where Cecil B. de Mille built her up into the famous femme fatale she later became.

Husbands she continued to acquire and shed regularly, as well as participate in a number of widely-publicised extra-curricular romances.

Her second spouse was Herbert Somborn, famous as the originator of the Brown Derby Restaurants The union only lasted a year, and she was fancy free until April, 1925, when she returned from a holiday in France as the Marquise de la Falaise da la Coudraye.

She and the Marquis crossed America to Hollywood in a specially chartered train. At many towns along the route, school children had been given a holiday, "so they could go down to the station and wave American and French flags at the Chicago Cinderella."

Hollywood, of course, had to go one better. Well-wishers on her arrival pelted her so enthusiastically with flowers that the radiant marquise suffered a black eye.

Husband Number 4 was an Irish playboy named Michael Farmer, and her last and final mate was a millionaire, William Davey, who died of acute alcoholism soon after she divorced him in 1946

To-day, still amazingly young-looking, Gloria Swanson remains a movie queen, with the rare sophistication and elegance that comes to a woman who has made and spent eight million dollars and won and lost five husbands.

THE GYPSY *and the* SERVING WENCH

Elizabeth Canning's story sentenced a man to death. But was that story true?

IN the London of 1753, when sentencing to the hulks and transportation to the colonies was common justice, there occurred a crime which is as great a mystery today as it was then.

The centre of the storm was an eighteen years old servant girl named Elizabeth Canning — mouse-blonde, pallid-eyed and uninteresting; the sort of unimaginative wench who could never expect anything exciting to happen to her.

On New Year's night of 1753, Bet Canning disappeared utterly and completely for the space of twenty-eight days. On the evening of January 29, a knock was heard at the door of her mother's tumbledown house in Aldermanbury Postern. A lodger opened the door and started back in horror.

In tumbled the apparition that was Bet Canning. "She was e'en almost dead, as black as the chimney-stock, black and blue. She was dressed up with an old bit of handkerchief round her head and an old dirty bedgown. She had no cap, no hat, nor stays on."

She was carried to the fire while neighbours fussed over her with mulled wine, and Mrs Canning marvelled at her return. In her not too agile mind, the woman went over the events of four weeks before.

Elizabeth was in the service of old Edward Lyon and his wife, living in, and performing menial household tasks with industry if not imagination. When she received her wages, like the good girl she was, she went home to the tumbledown house and gave them to her mother.

ANGUS HAYWOOD

On Christmas Day, Mrs. Lyons rewarded her industrious servant with half a guinea in gold and three shillings in silver and promised her a holiday on New Year's Day.

On this day, Elizabeth dressed in her best purple gown with a white handkerchief and apron. She also wore a black quilted petticoat, a green undercoat, black shoes and blue stockings, and beneath the whole holiday attire, a pair of new stays.

Jingling her golden half-guinea Bet Canning stepped out to dine with her uncle and aunt Colley at Houndsditch. In the late dusk she left Aunt Colley's for home, and waved to her aunt as she vanished in the darkness toward Aldermanbury.

She did not return to her home, nor did she report for work at Mrs. Lyon's home.

On the fourth day after she had gone, Mrs. Canning had her friends compose an advertisement for the missing girl.

The only response was from a person who said that on the night in question he had heard a girl cry out in the darkness, followed by the rattle of carriage wheels over the cobblestones.

The days fled into weeks and Widow Canning adjusted herself to the certain knowledge that Elizabeth would never return. Then came the hesitant knock at her door and the pitiable figure of Bet entered the room.

She said that, after leaving her aunt Colley's a month before, she had been set upon by two men near Bedlam Hospital. They took the golden half-guinea and hit her over the head. Since an accident in her childhood, when part of the ceiling at Aldermanbury Postern had fallen on her head, Bet had been subject to fits, and the sudden blow had brought on another attack. She remembered as if in a dream, being half-carried, half-walked along a country road, until they met another man who said: "What luck tonight, brother?"

One of the men holding her replied that he would be able to tell better when he looked his captive over in the light.

They walked for some time into the country until they came to a house. Bet was shoved into a dimly lit kitchen where she saw a swarthy, ugly old gypsy woman sitting by the hearth. She was the ugliest woman the girl had ever seen.

The old crone bestirred herself and asked Bet if she was prepared to enter into the spirit of the establishment and "live a life of sin."

When Bet came to this part of her story and her emphatic refusal to comply with the old gypsy, one of her listeners broke in excitedly:

"Where do you think this house is?"

"Somewhere on the Hertfordshire Road," Bet weakly replied.

There was a sudden buzz of horror and someone exclaimed:

"She was at Mother Wells!" and Bet vaguely remembered someone calling someone else Wills or Wells. It all tied up—Elizabeth had been at Mother Well's brothel at Enfield Wash, a huddle of houses about eleven miles out of London on the Hertfordshire Road. They clamoured for the rest of her story.

At her refusal to become a prostitute the old gypsy had become abusive and hit the girl a clout over the head. With the help of others in the room she had stripped Bet of her fine clothes and cut off her new stays with a knife. Then the shivering girl was pushed through a door at the

When the examiners were checking through the loyalty questionnaires filled in by government employees, a reply by a California girl rocked them. In commenting on activities abroad, she wrote in the space provided, "I spent a yeer in Germany before World War II. Does that make me a Nazi? I spent another yeer in Russia. Does that make me a Communist? I also own a piece of property in the Virgin Islands."

foot of some stairs. The door shut behind her.

She found at the head of the stairs, a long narrow room or loft, completely empty save for some hay, and in a grate in the chimney, a filthy tattered nightgown. She put it on and curled up in the hay to sleep.

In this room Bet was kept a prisoner for twenty-eight days She was fed with stale bread crusts and was given a cracked jug full of water. She was dimly aware of the family below coming and going but the old gypsy never came up to renew her invitation.

On the twenty-eighth day Bet ate the last of her crusts and drank the last mouthful of water from the cracked jug. Feebly she tried to open the window in the room, and when it did not yield, pulled the boards away from beside it, and jumping about fifteen feet to the ground, set out to walk to London.

No one had seen Bet on the Herfordshire Road either coming or going. She reappeared as mysteriously as she had gone, but everyone believed her story.

Enraged at old Mother Well's attempt to soil the chaste little servant's virtue, Bet's listeners stormed in a body to the Guildhall. A sleepy alderman heard their story and gave them a warrant for the arrest of Mother Wells. Horses and carriages were commandeered and the whole brave party set out for Enfield Wash.

Elizabeth was set in the middle of the kitchen in which she first appeared to pick out the woman who had cut off her stays. The room was full of people but she unhesitatingly pointed to a dirty and ugly old crone sitting in a corner smoking a pipe.

"That's her! That's the ugly old gypsy who cut off my stays!" she cried.

It was not Mother Wells the procuress to whom she pointed, but a gypsy woman called Mary Squires. Unperturbed, the gypsy replied that on the dates Bet said she had been imprisoned, she had been forty odd miles away in Dorsetshire selling handkerchiefs and muslins.

No one was in a fit mood to listen to her—Mary Squires and her daughter, Mother Wells and a workman who did odd jobs for her, named Fortune Natus and his wife Judith, were all bundled into a cart and hustled off to London.

Before they left the house of infamy, someone asked Bet to show them the room in which she had been kept. She went to the stair door, up the stairs, and stood in the loft

"This is the room in which I was imprisoned," said Bet and then seemed puzzled The loft was full of junk—a bed, a chest of drawers, old saddlery and a broken inn sign—but no chimney grate from which she could

have taken the old bedgown. True, there was hay scattered about and someone came to light with a broken jug

"That is the jug from which I drank," averred Elizabeth.

Despite the inaccuracies in her tale the listeners were convinced. They hurried out to overtake the cart of prisoners and escort them to London.

On February 21, 1753, the case was tried at the Old Bailey. In a crowded courtroom sat pallid Elizabeth Canning surrounded by friends. Mother Wells and the gypsy had a formidable contingent of witnesses about them. Mary Squires was tried first for the capital offence of forcibly robbing Bet of her new stays to the value of ten shillings Witnesses of unproven character then attested that the gypsy woman had been at least forty miles distant from Enfield Wash at the time of the crime

Mother Wells, tried on a charge of aiding and abetting Mary Squires, was defended by evidence from Fortune Natus and his wife. Looking at Bet Canning with great hostility, Fortune told how he and his wife had slept in the bed in the loft all the time Elizabeth said she was confined there.

It looked like an open and shut case for the gypsy and Mother Wells, but the jury had its eyes pinned on the tiny, spruced-up figure of Elizabeth Canning. They could not conceive of an ignorant servant girl going to these lengths to preserve her character were she not as pure and innocent as she appeared.

They found both prisoners guilty—Wells was to be imprisoned and branded—Squires was to be hanged.

The vast public sympathy of London was divided into two camps One led by the Lord Mayor, Sir Crisp Gascoyne, plumped for the gypsy party, the other for the virgin servant girl. Widow Canning, as the mother of the virtuous girl, came in for several hundred pounds subscribed by public generosity.

The Lord Mayor's party attempted to besmirch Bet's character by suggesting she had not been at Mother Well's at all; that she had, in fact disappeared to procure an abortion, or after a midnight elopement had been abandoned by her lover in the cold light of day.

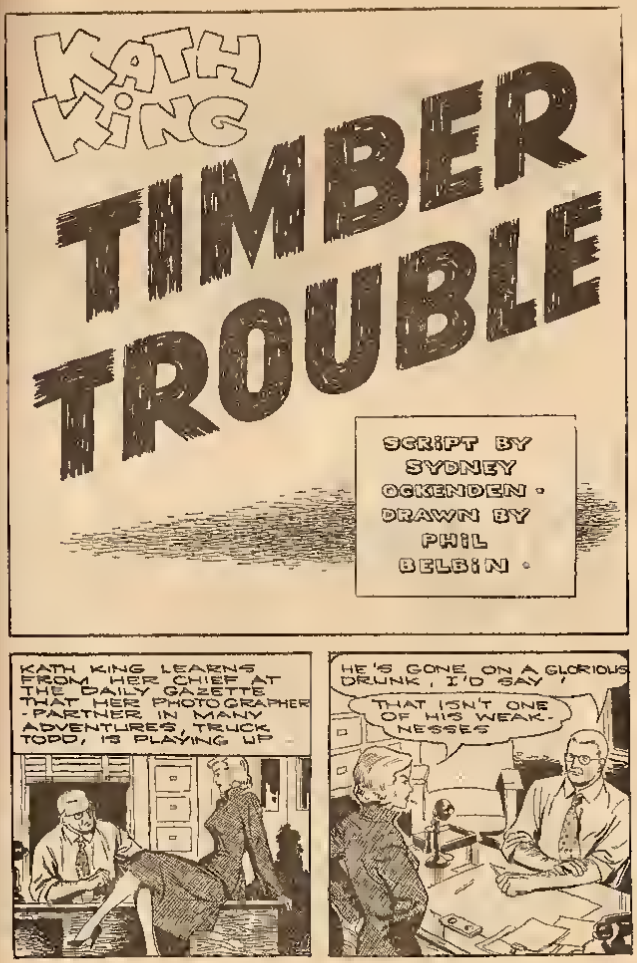
Eventually Sir Crisp's party won the day. Further investigations proved the case had been rushed through with the hot-headed recklessness of a lynching party. On inspection it was seen Bet could never have been locked in the loft—the door was secured with a leather strap she could have opened easily from inside. There was the matter of the extra furniture in the room and how could a girl survive a month on such unstaple diet as bread and water, then leap from a window and walk eleven miles to London—all without being seen once. Further, why did she not try to escape earlier?

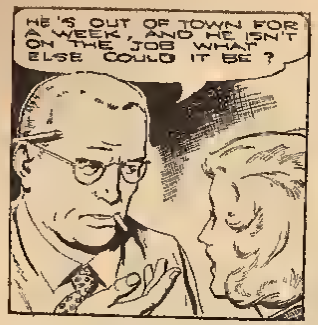
Shortly after, Elizabeth Canning stood in the dock charged with perjury. She showed no emotion when sentenced to seven years transportation to the American colonies.

Mother Wells and Mary Squires were pardoned and Bet Canning was shipped to America where she remained till her death at the age of thirty-eight years. Till the end she avowed her innocence and the truth of her story. Unimaginative Elizabeth could not have made up her adventure unaided, but improbable as the story sounded, no one ever came forward with a true account of where the servant girl had been for those twenty-eight days.

• A slow clock is never right—a stopped clock is right twice a day. • Some people have no respect for age unless it is bottled. ▪ A boxer's best friend is his smother. ▪ Did you hear about the reducing expert who was always making his wife feel small? • The India-rubber man from the circus wrote his autobiography He began as a bouncing baby • We know of a high-class shoemaker who turned out to be a heel ▪ An economic wife will do without everything you need ▪ Some women say it is just as hard to find a husband after marriage as before ▪ The man of the hour is the one whose wife told him to wait just a minute • A marriage is a success when they live happily ever after. ▪ Where there's smoke there's a bride cooking. ▪ The one word which makes marriage successful is "ours" • In U.S.A. political campaigns are televised. Keeping an eye on the politicians. • Whichever way you twist the dial during an election campaign, you hear someone twisting the truth. • Never knock the weather—nine-tenths of the people could not start a conversation if it did not change once in a while. • All a young man does is think about love—all an old man does about love is think • A boy should learn right from wrong at his mother's knee—or across his father's • Ad. in newspaper "Will share office with responsible party. Desk, telephone and limited use of office girl" • People who say you cannot fool nature, have never watched a beautician at work.

• A farmer was laboriously driving his team of horses along a dusty road. Progress was very slow. After going for some time he came across a man sitting under a tree The farmer said "How much longer does this damn hill last?" The man spat. "You ain't riding on no hill," he replied, "your hind wheels is off."



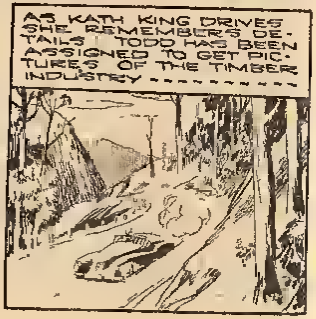

HE'S OUT OF TOWN FOR A WEEK, AND HE ISN'T ON THE JOB. WHAT ELSE COULD IT BE ?

IF TRUCK ISN'T ON THE JOB HE'S IN TROUBLE.

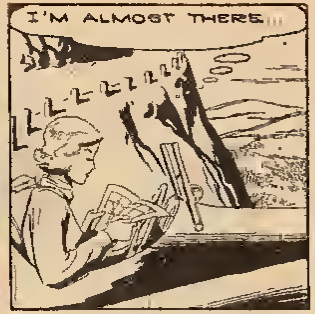
WHILE KATH DEFENDS TRUCK TODD FOR NOT KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH HIS OFFICE THE TELEPHONE RINGS AND..

FULL MARKS, KATH THE POLICE HAVE FOUND TRUCK'S CAR--ABANDONED

I'M GOING ON THIS JOB MYSELF..

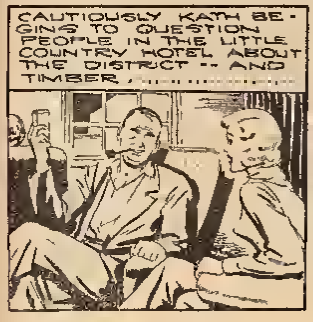

AS KATH KING DRIVES SHE REMEMBERS DETAILS TODD HAS BEEN ASSIGNED TO GET PICTURES OF THE TIMBER INDUSTRY.....

.. AND IN THIS WILD COUNTRY HIS CAR HAS BEEN FOUND, ABANDONED

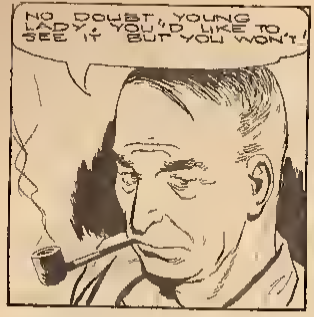

I'M ALMOST THERE...

WELL, THERE'S THE TOWN. I WONDER WHERE THE TIMBER CAMP IS ?

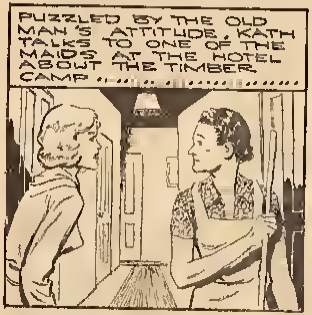
KATH ARRIVES AT WOOLLOOMA, READY TO TACKLE THE JOB.....
GAS

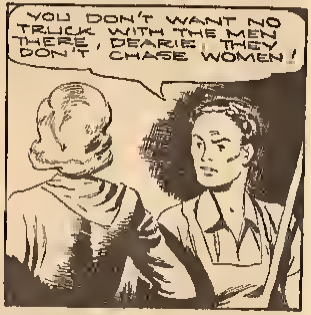

CAUTIOUSLY KATH BEGINS TO QUESTION PEOPLE IN THE LITTLE COUNTRY HOTEL ABOUT THE DISTRICT .. AND TIMBER.....

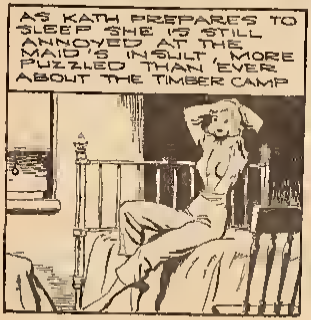
HOW INTERESTING ! I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT TIMBER CAMP !

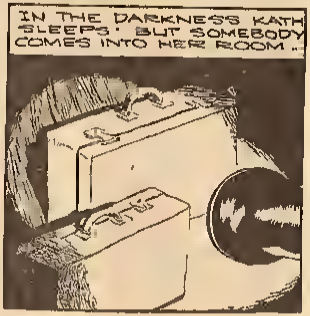

NO DOUBT, YOUNG RED YOU'RE YOUR BUT, YOU'LL YOUNG

SO YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT THAT WAS?


PUZZLED BY THE OLD TRAPPER'S ATTITUDE, KATI LOOKS AT THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE TIMBER CAMP.


IF YOU DON'T WANT TROUBLE, DEARIE, THEY'RE CHASE THE WOMEN!

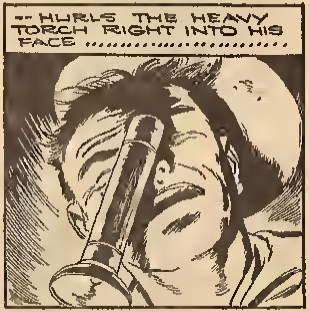

LATER KATI PREPARES TO RETIRE. SHE IS STILL PUZZLED AT THE MORE THAN USUAL INTEREST EVINCED ABOUT THE TIMBER CAMP

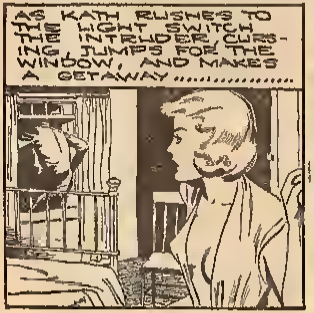

IN THE DARKNESS KATI SLEEPS. BUT SOMEBODY COMES INTO THE ROOM.

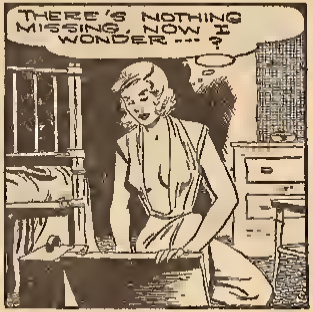
AND IRVING SPEAKS TO HER BUT THE GIRL HAS GONE. LOOK AT HER ..... GOOD

AWAKENED BY THE MAN'S TOUCH, THE GIRL RECOILS WITH A SCREAM. THEN SUDDENLY SHE GRABS THE TORCH .....

AND SWINGS IT ONTO THE INTRUDER, THEN.....


SHE THRUSTS THE TORCH RIGHT INTO HIS FACE .....


AS KATI RUSHES TO HIM AND SWINGS THE TORCH AT THE INTRUDER, HE TURNS AND FLEES .....


AT THERE'S NOTHING MORE, NOW I WONDER .....

MORNING COMES AFTER A RESTLESS NIGHT. AND KATH PREPARES TO VISIT THE LOCAL POLICE
KATH IDENTIFIES HERSELF, GIVES THE FULL STORY TO THE LOCAL POLICE SERGEANT .....
WELL MISS, IT JUST LOOKED AS IF THE WORK HAD BEEN DONE FROM INSIDE THE CAR. THE ROAD WAS VERY DUSTY -- I WOULDN'T HOLD SIGNS OF A STRUGGLE.
THANKS, SERGEANT. I'LL GO AND LOOK AT THE SPOT WHERE THE CAR WAS FOUND...
....ACCORDING TO THIS THE FRONT OF THE CAR WAS THERE ...
IT'S NO GO! EVEN KNOWING EXACTLY WHERE TRUCK'S CAR WAS FOUND, KATH CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED .....

I GUESS I'M WASTING MY TIME, BUT I HAD TO DO IT.
BUT THERE IN THE GRASS SHE FINDS A BATTERED CAMERA, SHATTERED AND BROKEN, BUT ....
IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE FILMS ARE UN-DAMAGED, THE TELE-PHOTO LENS IS SMASHED .....
KATH TAKES HER FIND TO THE POLICE .....
IF ANY OF THE FILMS IN THAT FILM-PACK WERE EXPOSED, THEY SHOULD STILL SHOW SOMETHING.
HE WAS USING A TELEPHOTO LENS ..... THAT MEANS HE WAS PHOTOGRAPHING SOMETHING FROM A DISTANCE
THE DEVELOPED FILMS SHOW THAT TRUCK'S TAKEN PHOTOGRAPHS OF A CEDAR FALLING...

Rheumatic pains for 2 Years — Symptom-free in 4 Days!

London Doctor's Case Book shows dramatic results of this revolutionary new treatment

Case 13. A man of forty-seven was discharged from the Army with chronic lumbago from which he had suffered acutely for a year. When first examined, he was in bed unable to get up. Ten minutes after the first application of ADRENALINE CREAM he got up, dressed and went to work. After three daily treatments he was free of symptoms, and six months later had had no recurrence of lumbago.

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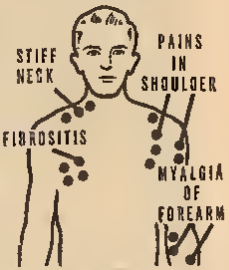
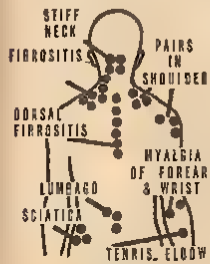


YOU CAN BANISH RHEUMATIC PAIN THIS WAY



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Malgic Adrenaline Cream is now made in Australia to precisely the same formula as the cream used in the above cases.

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MG3-52

The Tattooed Corpse

RONALD HENDERSON • FICTION

The decapitation of the female corpse was a master stroke of deception—but for one mistake made by the killer.

THE morgue attendant shook his head. His rheumy old eyes wandered back to the sheeted form lying on the slab.

"Wouldn't do any good to look at her, Lieutenant Duncan." He shrugged his skimpy shoulders as Matt Duncan, my brother-in-law, looked at him questioningly. "They didn't find the head."

I swallowed hard, and I could feel the skin tighten around my ears. Corpses, as such, are not supposed to faze me or else my last six months in the Army have been wasted. But, offhand, I can think of at least five things that are more pleasant to look at than the corpse of a headless woman.

I just stood there, dumb, waiting for Matt to speak. Interest sparked in his shrewd grey eyes. I could almost see his nostrils flare, like a bird dog on a scent.

"You say Miss Delroy made positive identification of her sister? How could she, Hurley?"

"The wrist watch and the ring the body was wearing." He hesitated, a stooped old man whose parchment-like skin glistened in the bright overhead light. "I called you as soon as she left, like you told me to. She seemed very definite. Never even mentioned the tattoo mark."

Matt's eyes widened. "Tattoo mark?"

For a moment I forgot the cold lump in my stomach. Outside of circus performers I had never heard of a woman being tattooed

"Just above the left knee. A pink rosebud." The old man turned back to the slab, lifted up the edge of the sheet. "I'll show you."

I turned my head away. The squeamish feeling had returned stronger than ever. The pungent disinfectant smell of the place was making me sick. A few seconds later I heard Matt say:

"Miss Delroy didn't see this mark?"

"No, sir."

Matt made a grunting sound. "Thanks, Hurley." He took me by the arm and we left the place. The fresh air of the hot summer night was sweet perfume.

I was home on a short furlough. Six months ago, Uncle Sam had decided

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AT ALL CHEMISTS

ENZ 53

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ISAAC NEWTON (A Rosicrucian)

WHY was this man great? How does anyone—man or woman—achieve greatness? Is it not by mastery of the powers within ourselves?

Know the mysterious world within you! Attune yourself to the wisdom of the ages! Grasp the inner power of your mind! Learn the secrets of a full and peaceful life! Isaac Newton—renowned philosopher and discoverer of the law of gravitation—like many other learned and great men and women—was a Rosicrucian The Rosicrucians (NOT a religious organization) includes in its membership—people from every walk of life—from every race and creed. Today, headquarters of the Rosicrucians send over seven million pieces of mail annually to all parts of the world.

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that as a bank teller I would make a good infantryman.

I had been living with Matt and Molly, my sister, ever since they were married. I'd only blown in town that afternoon and after leaving my bag at the house went downtown at Molly's special request to make sure Matt got home early. He was attached to the Missing Persons Bureau and forgot time, food, everything, if he was working on a case.

We were just leaving his office when the call came from the morgue, and he dragged me along with him. On the ride to the morgue he had told me something of this case he was working on.

A week before, Janet Delroy had reported her sister Selma as missing. She was positive her sister had come to some bodily harm and made a daily pilgrimage to the morgue. She had only been living with Selma a little over a month, since her sister had split up with her husband.

Matt had made the routine investigations. As far as he had been able to find out, the girl had no enemies, no unusual background. On the night of her disappearance, she had failed to show up at the factory where she had just taken a job on the swing shift.

Matt had been inclined to think the girl had just wanted to go away for a few days, especially as she had recently had a breakup with her husband. He left instructions at the morgue to call him just in case her sister did identify a body.

Outside the morgue, Matt hailed a cab.

"Well," I said, putting on the cheerful act, "now that's off your mind, let's get home. Molly wangled a pot roast from the butcher. You know how she hates to keep supper waiting."

Matt nodded absent-mindedly.

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"We'll just stop off at Miss Delroy's house on the way."

He had already given the cabby the address I knew better than to argue with him.

The cab pulled up before a small brownstone apartment house on a quiet side street We stepped into the hallway and Matt punched a button marked "Delroy." In a few seconds a metallic "Who is it?" wafted into the hallway through the speaking tube.

Matt gave his name and the buzzer sounded releasing the lock. We walked up three flights. Miss Delroy was standing on the landing waiting for us. She looked curiously at my uniform.

Matt waved his hand in my direction. "Just a relative—Bill Campbell. We are on our way home, but I wanted to speak to you about your sister."

She nodded and led us into her apartment. It was the kind of place you would expect two girls to have. One large room, which served as a living-room and bedroom. Against the wall was a studio couch with a lot of fancy pillows on it. It had one of those department store fireplaces. Off to one side a door opened into a kitchenette. The iron framework of a fire escape was visible through the open window.

Matt came right to the point. "I've been to the morgue," he said.

"I expected you had." She spoke in a flat-toneless voice which was in keeping with her colorless appearance. It was hard to judge her age because of the thick-lensed glasses she was wearing, but I would guess she was in her late thirties She wore her hair combed straight back, tied in an unattractive bun on her neck, like a cartoonist's idea of a spinster aunt.

She had on a black dress, plain and severe, which did nothing at all for her figure, if she had one. The strong odour of perfume came as something of a shock. I couldn't picture a woman like Janet Delroy, who obviously cared nothing for her appearance, indulging in such a feminine delicacy.

"We have to make sure of the identification," Matt continued. "You are positive it is your sister?" He took a packet of cigarettes from his pocket, offered her one. She didn't even bother to shake her head, just ignored his outstretched hand. Matt finally put them back in his pocket.

"Of course. I gave her the ring she was wearing for a birthday present, years ago."

"There were no marks on the body you could identify?" Matt pressed.

"Not that I know of." She hesitated, as though thinking back. "Of course, up until a month ago I hadn't seen my sister for years," she explained "Why do you ask?"

"Well—there was a rather unusual mark on the knee of the—er—body. A mark that could easily be identified."

For a moment the Delroy woman didn't speak. It was difficult to guess her thoughts because of the inability to see her eyes through the thick glasses, but I gained the impression she had tightened up.

"If it was a scar from a recent operation or something of that sort, I wouldn't know about it." She waited for Matt to volunteer the information. When he didn't, she asked him abruptly. "What kind of a mark was it?"

"It's not important. I'll check with her husband."

Her thin-lipped mouth tightened. "Yes. He probably could help you out on that."

"I take it you have little use for your sister's husband."

"I have never met him and I never want to." Her voice was waspish in its intensity

Matt was silent for a moment, then shrugged and stepped toward the door "I'm sorry to have bothered you again, Miss Delroy. Police routine you know."

She nodded but said nothing as we left her little apartment.

Out on the street, Matt said, "Well, what did you think of her?"

"Not my idea of a pin-up girl. I'd say she'd been disappointed in love and was sour on life But let's get home before that pot roast is burned to a crisp—along with Molly."

"Yes. Sure. After we see Selma's husband."

"Now listen, Matt," I protested. "Why buck the obvious? Selma Delroy is dead. Her body has been found and identified. Let's go home and eat."

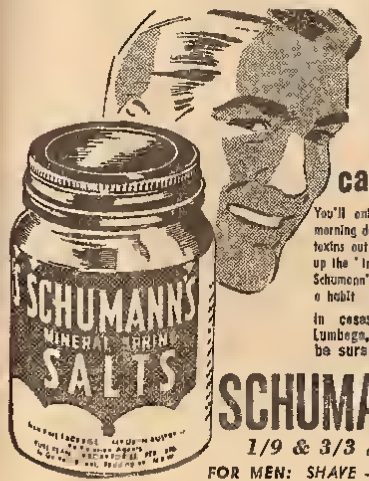
He gave me a condescending smile. "One of the first things I learned as a cop was to be suspicious of the obvious. That's the trouble with this whole case It's too obvious. I don't like it. I'm positive that the girl lying on the morgue slab is not Selma Delroy."

"But the ring and the wrist watch—"

"They could have been planted."

I thought I knew what had roused his suspicions. "If you are thinking of the tattoo mark, it wouldn't be unusual for a girl to hide a thing like that from her sister."

Matt nodded. "That's true. But she couldn't very well hide it from her



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busband. I'm willing to bet he knows nothing about it."

We dodged into the subway. The dime-and-dance joint operated by Selma's husband, Sam Calhoun, was located just beyond the end of the line.

For the first time, I began to get really interested. If Sam Calhoun claimed that his wife had no tattoo mark, who could the dead woman be and how did she happen to be wearing Selma's jewellery?

I tried to draw Matt out. "The Delroy woman evidently didn't share her sister's affection for Calhoun."

"Mmm."

"Do you know why Calhoun and his wife split up?"

"Just a minor spat apparently. I checked on that when the girl was first reported missing. Calhoun treated the separation lightly. Said she'd be back."

Knowing Matt as I did, I knew that he had not stopped at that. "What else did you find out?"

Matt smiled. "I questioned the employees of his place. A bartender named Joe Barnett particularly. Joe was suffering from remorse and drowning his sorrows with the boss's liquor. He was having wife trouble too. His wife, who worked in the place as a waitress, had left him a couple of days before, so I found a sympathetic ear. She had left him because he wouldn't quit his job with Calhoun. Had been after him for weeks to leave.

"The liquor was talking. I discovered that Calhoun does a thriving business in petrol coupons on the side. When this case is settled, I'll turn him over to the F.B.I."

"But Calhoun's wife, Selma," I urged. "Did you find out anything further about her?"

"Nothing definite. Barnett thought Selma's leaving was a gag. He swore he had heard her voice in Calhoun's apartment over the bar just the night before."

"But," I protested, "you said this fellow Barnett was drunk. He could be hearing things."

"Not drunk. Just drinking."

Eventually the tram pulled to a stop at the end of the line. We went out into the street and walked up the road to Calhoun's place.

It was a dimly lighted, low-ceilinged tavern with tables along the side. A raised dais for an orchestra was on one end but, except for a couple of men at the bar, there were no other customers. It was too early. A tuxedoed waiter stepped from somewhere in the shadows. Matt told him we wanted to see Calhoun. The man guided us to a table.

"He had to leave but should be back shortly. Is there anything I can get you?"

We ordered beer.

Three bears and thirty minutes later a lean, dapper man stepped up to the table. He flashed a toothy smile at Matt. "Sorry to keep you waiting, Lieutenant. What can I do for you?"

Matt stood up, beckoned to me. "I want to see you alone, Calhoun. Upstairs."

Calhoun shrugged and led us up a flight of stairs to an apartment over the bar. He stood in the centre of the living-room, looking at Matt curiously, waiting for him to speak. His eyes had an emotionless, opaque quality, like I've seen in the eyes of a black panther at the zoo.

"We've found your wife," Matt said.

Calhoun's eyebrows arched, but there was no flicker of interest in his eyes.

"At least," Matt continued, "her sister, Janet, has identified her."

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LADIES. Write for Health Chart

Calhoun's eyes narrowed. "Identified her? You mean—she is dead?"

Matt nodded. "We like to verify the identification. Did you wife have any scar, any unusual mark on her body, which could positively identify her?"

Calhoun's teeth flashed as his mouth widened in a grin. The news of his wife's death hadn't bothered him.

I waited expectantly for his answer. Calhoun stepped casually to a coffee table, took a cigarette out of a silver box. There was a feline litheness about his movements that reminded me of a stalking alley cat. He tapped the end of his cigarette a few times on his thumbnail, then lit it.

"Yes," he said finally, "my wife had a mark which would positively identify her." Smoke curled out of his nostrils and his dark eyes glinted in cruel amusement.

"She had a small rosebud tattooed just above the left knee. A few years ago it was quite a fad with the ladies," he explained "Selma had it done one night after having a few drinks too many."

My eyes shifted to Matt. He never flickered an eyelash, although I knew Calhoun's statement had knocked his theory for a cocked hat He merely nodded. "That's her."

He studied Calhoun closely for a minute. "Your wife was murdered, Calhoun. Did she carry much insurance?"

For some reason I couldn't explain, I was a little disappointed at Matt's cool acceptance of Calhoun's callous statement. It was evident that he had, at last, accepted the fact that it was Selma's body in the morgue. His interest now had switched to the motive.

"Yes," Calhoun answered casually "she was heavily insured."

"Then you would stand to collect quite a sum."

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Calhoun's lips twisted in a sneer. "If you think I killed her, you'll have to look somewhere else for the motive. Quite some time ago, Selma changed the beneficiary to her sister. I would stand to gain absolutely nothing by her death."

He moved toward the door. "If you want me to go to the morgue to make identification, I'll be glad to, later. Right now I have to look after my supper trade."

Outside the place, I looked at Matt. "Well, that's that. You were wrong."

"Maybe," he admitted.

We walked toward the corner. Suddenly Matt stiffened. "That's the explanation," he muttered as though talking to himself. He pulled me into the corner drug store, made for the phone booths in the rear. I waited while he called his number. In a few seconds he came out. There was a triumphant glint in his eye.

"What's happened?" I asked.

"Plenty," he replied. "I called the morgue. Shortly after we left, the Delroy woman called Hurley and questioned him about the mark on the corpse's knee. He told her it was a tattooed rosebud."

I couldn't see anything in this to get excited about and said so. He had piqued the woman's curiosity about the mark and she had called Hurley to find out what it was.

"But that's not all," Matt continued. "A man came in the place just after we left and positively identified the corpse as his wife. He mentioned the tattoo mark before Hurley had a chance to say anything."

This was too much for me. "But is it possible that two women could have the same tattoo mark on their knee?"

Matt gave me a withering glance. "The man who identified the corpse was Joe Barnett. The man I was tell-

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ing you about. Calhoun's bartender."

I whistled softly. I could begin to see angles, but my thinking was foggy. "But if she is Barnett's wife, how come she was wearing Selma Delroy's jewellery? And where is Selma?"

"That," said Matt, "is something we are going to find out fast."

Barnett's rooming house was only a short distance from Calhoun's place. We were there in five minutes. We ran up the steps and Matt leaned on the bell. An old woman came to the door.

"I want to see Joe Barnett," Matt said as he stepped into the musty hallway.

The old woman looked at him suspiciously. "He's not in."

"We'll wait. Where's his room?" He showed her his police badge.

"Second floor rear," she answered sullenly.

Matt held out his hand. "The key," he demanded.

"It's not locked."

It was a large room with typical rooming house furniture. Dreary and an ill-assortment.

There was a smell of cigarette smoke lingering in the room.

"Someone has been in here very recently," Matt remarked. He stepped to a closet door, opened it. I turned to look out the window, but I swung around as I heard his involuntary gasp. He was standing in the doorway. For a moment I couldn't see what had caused his outburst. Then I saw it.

A man's body hung limply from a hook in the back of the closet. A piece of clothesline, fashioned into a noose was around his neck. Matt lifted him down.

"Joe Barnett," he said slowly.

My throat felt as dry as a sun-bleached bone. "Suicide?" I croaked.

Matt's jaw hardened. "Murder. They'll do it every time."

By this time my head was whirling. Matt's enigmatic words didn't help any. To me, it looked like a plain case of suicide. But I had too much respect for Matt's judgment to doubt him. How all this tied in with Selma Delroy was beyond me. I was all set to start pumping questions at Matt when he interrupted my train of thought.

"We haven't any time to lose," he said. "I want you to call headquarters. Tell them you are calling for me."

He started to rush out of the room.

"Hey, wait a minute," I called. "Where are you going?"

"Salma Delroy's apartment."

He was gone before I could protest further. I turned off the lights, shut the door, and went downstairs. In the hallway was a pay telephone. I called headquarters and gave them Matt's message.

At this point I had the frustrated feeling of a man turned loose in a labyrinthine maze. It was obvious that the tattooed corpse was Joe Barnett's wife, but for the life of me I couldn't figure out why Selma Delroy's jewellery had been planted on her. If Calhoun had killed Joe's wife, why had he said it was Salma? He apparently had nothing to gain. If Janet Delroy killed the woman, how come Calhoun knew about the tattoo? And what had happened to Selma?

My thinking was all scrambled, but I made up my mind to be in at the finish. I called a cab and gave the driver Miss Delroy's address.

In the apartment house hallway, I started to press the Delroy bell and suddenly changed my mind. I punched another one and in a few seconds the buzzer sounded releasing the door. I knew that I would have the answer to all the questions that were puzzl-

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ing me in a few minutes. I guess that was what tightened me up. At any rate, I crept silently up the three flights of stairs. I glued my ear to the door of the Delroy apartment

I heard Matt say, "You'll never get away with it." He went into a song and dance about the Homicide Squad being up at Joe Barnett's. I could tell he was stalling for time. And there could be only one reason for him to stall.

I thought of trying to crash the door, then I remembered the fire-escape. Quickly, I crept up the stairs to the top floor. An iron ladder led to the roof. I pushed open the trap door, stepped out on to the tar-papered roof. I slipped off my shoes, stepped on to the fire-escape.

Just before I got to the open window of the Delroy apartment, I stopped. There wasn't a sound coming from the place. I peered down, over the top of the drawn blind into the room.

Matt was standing to one side, facing the window. Janet Delroy, her glasses off, stood over by the wall near the phony fireplace. Standing in front of Matt, his back to the window was a man. He was holding a pistol lightly in his hand.

Janet Delroy was quietly manoeuvering around behind Matt. The poker in her hand left no doubt as to what she was going to do. I decided there was no time to waste.

I lunged into the room head first. I saw the look of fear on Janet Delroy's face. The man with the gun saw it too, for he jumped to one side as he pivoted. It was Sam Calhoun.

The diversion was all that Matt needed. His fist caught Calhoun just as he was about to bring the barrel of the pistol down on my head. Bone cracked against bone, and Calhoun sank limply to the floor. I picked up

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the gun, as Matt turned on Janet Delroy.

After I had retrieved my shoes, and the Homicide men had left, I said to Matt, "Okay. Give out"

Matt lit a cigarette.

"When a corpse is found without a head or otherwise badly disfigurad, the reason is generally to prevent identification. But in this case, the killer had neglected to remove jewellery, which didn't make sense.

"I was pretty sure the corpse wasn't Selma Delroy When Calhoun told us his wife had that tattoo mark, I was puzzled but not convinced. Then the whole thing became crystal clear when Hurley told me Joe Barnett had identified the corpse as his wife. I knew she had wanted Joe to leave Calhoun's employ because of the petrol coupon racket. She was evidently going to squeal on Calhoun He had to get rid of her. But first he fixed it so that the corpse would be identified as his wife."

Matt shook his head. "This was smart because no suspicion would revert to him. No motive He even had his wife change the beneficiary of her insurance."

"Hey, wait a minute," I protested. "How about Selma Delroy?"

Matt laughed. "I thought you had guessed Selma never disappeared. She just changed her name to Janet. I knew she couldn't see with those glasses she was hiding behind. But at the time I couldn't figure out why she was wearing them. When we were up here before, I offered her a cigarette and she didn't even see my hand"

Matt ground out his cigarette. "After we left her, she called the morgue to find out what the mark was on the corpse. Then telephoned Calhoun to warn him Calhoun had to act fast. He had to kill the only man who could identify his victim—Joe Barnett. He did this while we were waiting for him at the tavern.

"It was a shrewd plot, but they overplayed it. When I came back here, I told the Delroy woman I knew who she was! that she was taking the rap for Calhoun."

He shrugged "Calhoun was hiding in the kitchenette. You know the rest."

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Talking Points

DALTONS

Wal King, well-known writer of westerns, is in his element in "The Daring Daltons," on page 16. This is not fiction, but solid fact The Daltons were the most dare-devil outlaws of the old west

ESPIONAGE

Kurt Singer, famous writer of spy stories, tells of what happened when spies operated in U.S.A. during World War II Kurt is the author of many books

TRESPASSER

For a long time James Holledge has interested readers of Cavalcade with his articles. This journalist knows how to turn out the stuff you like to read and he has a knack of finding unusual stories. Like this one, about the youth who repeatedly entered Buckingham Palace.

MEDICAL

Two medicals for you this month. "The Verdict of Shock Treatment," on page 8, and "They Wanted to Change Sex," on page 24.

BOXING

Ray Mitchell, Australian correspondent to the American "Ring," writes of Tommy Farr—how he went to U.S.A. to help Mike Jacobs corner the heavyweight market, how the fans laughed when he was selected as an opponent for Joe Louis, and how the Welshman made those jeers turn to cheers.

NEXT MONTH

Murder is one of the worst crimes in the calendar, yet it is a subject of avid interest, whether fact or fiction The patterns of "Murder in Fact and Fiction" differ and John Adam has written an interesting article under this title All students of reptiles know of Eric Worrell, a professional snake catcher, and everyone has read of the deadly taipan snake. Read about this fantastic snake in Eric's article, "We caught the Taipan—Alive" The world has always had crackpots, but Timothy Dexter made his crazy ideas pay. Angus Haywood tells of him in "The First Lord of America" Women have always shaped men's destinies Two dancers in Poland became mistresses of the most powerful men in the land and bloodshed resulted Lester Way writes of these women in "A Dancer From Milan." The Saucy Sirens series continues with Clara Bow Have you ever enviously noted how much professional boxers earn? Ray Mitchell tells what happens to that money, and explains why boxers earn their money the hard way. Look for "Boxing is Not Easy Money." James Holledge tells of Whitey Ray, "The Terror of Texas," a man who was one of the most ruthless killers in U.S. history.

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